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HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of Vagisil Wash, a product that helps ladies make their genitals presentable to the world. Here at HUSTLER, we recognize that certain gals need something stronger. Snatchisil has off-label uses too. We've heard rumors that Bill O'Reilly guzzles a bottle every night to wash the taste of bullshit out of his mouth.

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Visit HUSTLER Online at **HustlerMagazine.com**

THE WAR ON BIRTH CONTROL

Incredible as it might seem, the Republicans want to turn the clock back to 1937, when contraception was still illegal in this country. That's what will happen if Personhood USA and several other groups have their way. They are placing—on numerous state ballots—a proposed constitutional amendment declaring that life begins at conception. If passed, this measure not only would likely ban abortions under virtually any circumstances (including rape and incest), but it would also ban birth control methods like the IUD and Plan B emergency contraceptive. Even the Pill could be history. Worse still, the amendment would prevent married women from conceiving children via in vitro fertilization.

The Personhood Amendment will be up for a vote in at least 12 states. Presidential hopefuls Newt Gingrich, Rick Santorum and Ron Paul have all signed a pledge supporting it. Mitt Romney didn't sign but has agreed that life begins at conception, the basis of the anti-choice measure.

I don't believe there's any way the American people will let the GOP get away with this. If the Republicans aren't careful, they will sow the seeds of their own destruction.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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How many times have you seen a gadget and said, "Hey, that's *my* idea!" Us too. That's where Quirky comes in. The Web site was started to help independent inventors bring their creations to life and then sell them to the public. The latest creation to catch our eye at ***Quirky.com*** is the **Mantis**. This bright idea is a highly portable light that uses 11 LEDs (and two settings) to illuminate your area without overpowering the folks around you. The **Mantis**, which runs on two AA batteries (for up to 30 hours of use), comes with a clip that fits most laptops, monitors, desks and counters. Plus, when you fold down the lights and built-in retractable legs, the gizmo resembles a rocket ship. A rocket ship! Light up your life with the **Mantis**. Check it out, along with all the other cool innovations, at the Quirky Web site.

Available at ***Quirky.com***. Suggested retail price: $29.99.

SPY CAM

You can't trust anyone these days. Everyone is either lying or trying to steal from you. It's true. Paranoid? Maybe—but with good reason! How do you protect the people and, more importantly, the things you love? The **iZon Remote Room Monitor** is a step in the right direction. This app-controlled video camera lets you view and listen to what's happening in your home or office from anywhere using your iPod Touch, iPhone or iPad. The **iZon** is ultra-easy to set up. First you download the free Stem:Connect App from iTunes then configure the device and place the camera. That's all. No cables or computer needed. You can also record video and audio automatically to a free, private YouTube account. Or record 30-second clips with just one button. The **iZon** is perfect for keeping an eye on your housekeeper (thief), your kids (drinkers) and your wife. (Sorry, dude, but she's banging the pool man—and you don't even have a pool.) **iZon** keeps your eyes peeled no matter where you are.

Available at ***StemInnovation.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.95.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF RADIO

Music is everywhere these days. It's in your computer, on the Internet and available through several online services. The **Logitech Squeezebox Wireless Internet Radio** lets you capture all those tunes and unleash them whenever you like. Use this Wi-Fi-enabled receiver to play your iTunes music, or you can connect it to a subscription service like Pandora, Slacker or Rhapsody. Then there's Internet radio. "What's that?" you ask. Did you know there are literally thousands of Internet radio stations broadcasting a wide variety of musical styles and talk? It's true. And the **Squeezebox** allows you to explore these outposts and discover new music. The sleek unit, which runs on AC power and has a choice of colors (black or red), features a full-color display, high-end speakers and easy-to-use controls. Unlock an infinite playlist today.

Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

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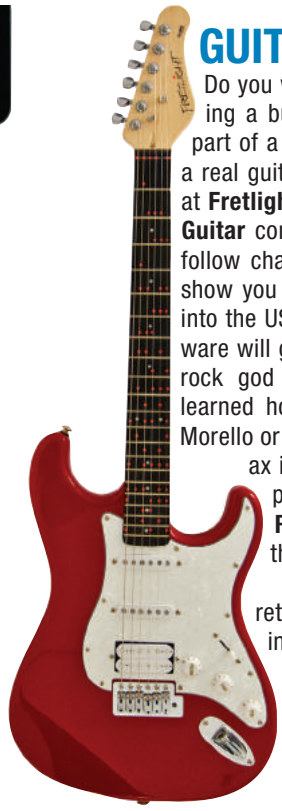

Do you wanna rock? And we don't mean pushing a bunch of buttons on a plastic guitar as part of a video game. We mean actually playing a real guitar. You know you do. Just let the folks at **Fretlight** teach you how to play. The **Fretlight Guitar** combines video lessons with an easy-to-follow chart and a system of built-in lights that show you how to rock. Plug the full-sized guitar into the USB port of your computer, and the software will guide you from wannabe six-stringer to rock god in a matter of weeks. Once you've learned how to unleash your inner Townshend, Morello or Van Halen, you can hook your **Fretlight** ax into an amp and really rock it. The best part is we have a **Fretlight FG-421 Rustic Red** to give away! See details on this page.

Available at ***Fretlight.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99 to $1,199.99 depending on model.

WIN THIS

GET READY TO ROCK!

For your chance to win a **Fretlight FG-421 Rustic Red** electric guitar, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to **HUSTLER Rocks, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by August 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

"If you weren't such a fucked-up piece of limp-dicked shit, you could help me understand why nobody likes me!"

PRESIDENCY FOR SALE

UNRESTRICTED CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS HAVE MADE NATIONAL ELECTIONS A SHAM.

All of my life, I have been hearing how it is my patriotic duty to vote in national elections, and I have dutifully gone along. Not just with voting but also devoting a good chunk of my professional career to interviewing the candidates and writing for major news organizations about their prospects for winning and qualifications for governing, as if those elections really mattered. Suddenly, I no longer feel like going along with what has become an all-too-obvious fraud.

The power of the superrich to buy our elections with their tens of millions in campaign contributions has become so blatant that it makes a mockery of the representative democracy about which we used to be able to proudly boast. For that fatal subversion of the system enshrined in our Constitution, you can thank a Republican-packed Supreme Court that, with its *Citizens United* and other infamous decisions, has destroyed any prospect for an honest expression of the popular will.

"The GOP's drawn-out primary campaign ended up having nothing to do with the plausibility of the political positions advanced by the various candidates and everything to do with which candidate's Super PAC could draw the biggest checks from the superrich."

As a result, the 2012 Presidential election will hinge on which party's Super PACs get the most generous bribes from billionaires. The Republicans, long favored by the fat cats, are the main beneficiaries of the new laws. The GOP's drawn-out primary campaign ended up having nothing to do with the plausibility of the political positions advanced by the various candidates and everything to do with which candidate's Super PAC could draw the biggest checks from the superrich.

Take Newt Gingrich. Without the pro-Gingrich Super PAC stoked with two "gifts" totaling $21 million from billionaire Las Vegas casino and hotel magnate Sheldon Adelson and his wife, Gingrich would not have existed as a credible candidate. The Adelsons are big supporters of Israel, and soon after that contribution, Gingrich said that as President he would support an Israeli strike on Iran even if it involved the use of nuclear weapons. But the foreign-policy fire sale is chicken feed compared to the domestic tax breaks and hobbling of environmental and banking regulations that most of the superrich donors are after.

Gingrich received another $1 million from Harold Simmons, the billionaire corporate raider who hedged his bet by also giving $7 million to another Super PAC called American Crossroads run by GOP kingmaker Karl Rove. Simmons owns industrial companies accused in the past of lead contamination and uranium emissions. But he makes money both ways, having been blessed by his friends in the government with megacontracts to clean up hazardous waste sites, including waste created by his own companies.

Simmons claims to be a small-government conservative, but what he really wants is government to work for his interests at the expense of the folks who can't pony up the big bucks. Toward that end, he had already given $14 million to various Republican Super PACs even before March of this election year.

The biggest beneficiary from the superrich has been Mitt Romney, and top executives from Bain Capital—the hedge fund he once ran—have been generous in support. Julian H. Robertson Jr., considered by the *New York Times* to be "one of the godfathers of the hedge fund industry," is another megabucks backer of the pro-Romney Super PAC.

Hedge funds have been at the center of the rot of our economy; they are unregulated and, as Romney's own tax returns demonstrate, pay a lower percentage in taxes than many ordinary income earners. No matter who wins on the Republican side, don't expect any serious regulation of hedge fund greed or other accountability.

But the picture on the Democratic Obama side may turn out to be just as corrupt. It wasn't until February 2012 that the President decided to accept Super PAC funding, previously calling it an assault on democracy. In his State of the Union speech two years ago, Obama called out the Supreme Court justices sitting before him over their decision to free special interests from campaign spending limits. "I don't think American elections should be bankrolled by America's most powerful interests," Obama declared then. "They should be decided by the American people."

But as the GOP billionaires' fund-raising steamroller threatened to flatten his 2012 reelection prospects, Obama turned the other cheek. He turned to the Wall Street crowd and asked them to hedge their political bets by backing him and not just his Republican opponents.

That is a deal Wall Street will accept because it means the fix is in. Without limits on how much the superrich can spend, they can buy both parties and remove any risk that their unbridled appetite for greed will ever be checked.

Hopefully I will be proven wrong, and an irate public—outraged by this unprecedented excess of political corruption—will rise up and find the will to throw the money changers out of their temples. But don't count on it. These days, because of the treachery of the GOP-appointed Supreme Court, the charade of what passes for our democracy is reduced to one dollar, one vote.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"So when were you planning to tell me about this, honey?"

HOMELAND SECURITY AND FBI GETTING SNEAKIER THAN EVER

REMEMBER THOSE CLAIRVOYANT COPS IN THE TOM CRUISE MOVIE *MINORITY REPORT*? THEY JUST MIGHT BE AROUND THE CORNER.

President Obama's ever-suspicious Department of Homeland Security is, of course, "renowned" for earnestly probing the private parts of travelers at U.S. airports. But the range of its inquiries into likely disloyal Americans is growing wider and deeper. Dig this header for a dispatch from the international news agency Reuters: "Homeland Security watches Twitter, social media." That's just to start with.

Journalist Mark Hosenball reported that since June 2010, Secretary Janet Napolitano and her insatiable Homeland Security colleagues have been "operating a 'Social Networking/Media Capability,' which involves regular monitoring of 'publicly available online forums, blogs, public Web sites and message boards.'" Hosenball also wrote that "such monitoring is designed to help DHS and its numerous agencies," including the Secret Service and Federal Emergency Management Agency.

They may be looking at some of you on such Internet targets as YouTube and Facebook. And if you express opinions via Twitter or popular blogs, you may be databased for what you leave there.

If you believe your government, then you'll believe the DHS official who pledged that "the department would not keep permanent copies of the Internet traffic it monitors." The DHS vows to hold it only "for no more than five years." But whom will the Department of Homeland Security give it to then? The FBI, the CIA, the National Security Agency? That's not for citizens to know. Aren't you aware there's a war on?

This rampant tracking of us, which is funded by *our* tax money, is conducted at the DHS's National Operations Center (NOC). What is surely going to more than casually interest many journalists looking into this massive surveillance operation is that they too are being monitored and cataloged even though there is barely a shred of evidence that those winding up in this dragnet have done anything illegal.

On January 7, 2012, *RT* (formerly *Russia Today*) reported on a Department of Homeland Security announcement that the NOC's Office of Operations Coordination "can collect personal information from news anchors, journalists, reporters or anyone who may use 'traditional and/or social media in real time to keep their audience situationally aware and informed.'"

On what Constitutional grounds is the government digging into the personal lives of journalists doing their job? Now that I've asked this hostile question, I guess the Department of Homeland Security and its Big Brother cohorts will eventually find out I have an FBI file starting with my long and irreverent disrespect for J. Edgar Hoover. On one page, an FBI official instructed his field hands: "Watch Hentoff!"

My favorite insertion in that file was a footnote in a report to Hoover about something I'd written questioning whether the bureau's longtime director had ever read the Constitution. Said footnote went beyond characterizing me as "a person of interest." It also mentioned: "Besides, he's a lousy writer." I figured that if I were to ever sue that FBI agent for defamation and lose, the upholding of the FBI's judgment on what I do for a living could have hurt my career.

Meanwhile, Robert Mueller's FBI—I guess he has that lifetime director job now—is going much further to discover not only what citizens have allegedly done to threaten national security but also what we're supposedly *thinking* of doing.

On January 26, 2012, DigitalTrends.com delivered a chilling preview of how the government can track our most speculative thoughts, not even dim intentions: "The FBI is looking into the creation of a new application that would allow them to not only monitor ongoing threats but also predict potential terrorist attacks and other crimes before they even happen. … If that sounds suspiciously like *Minority Report*, you're not alone."

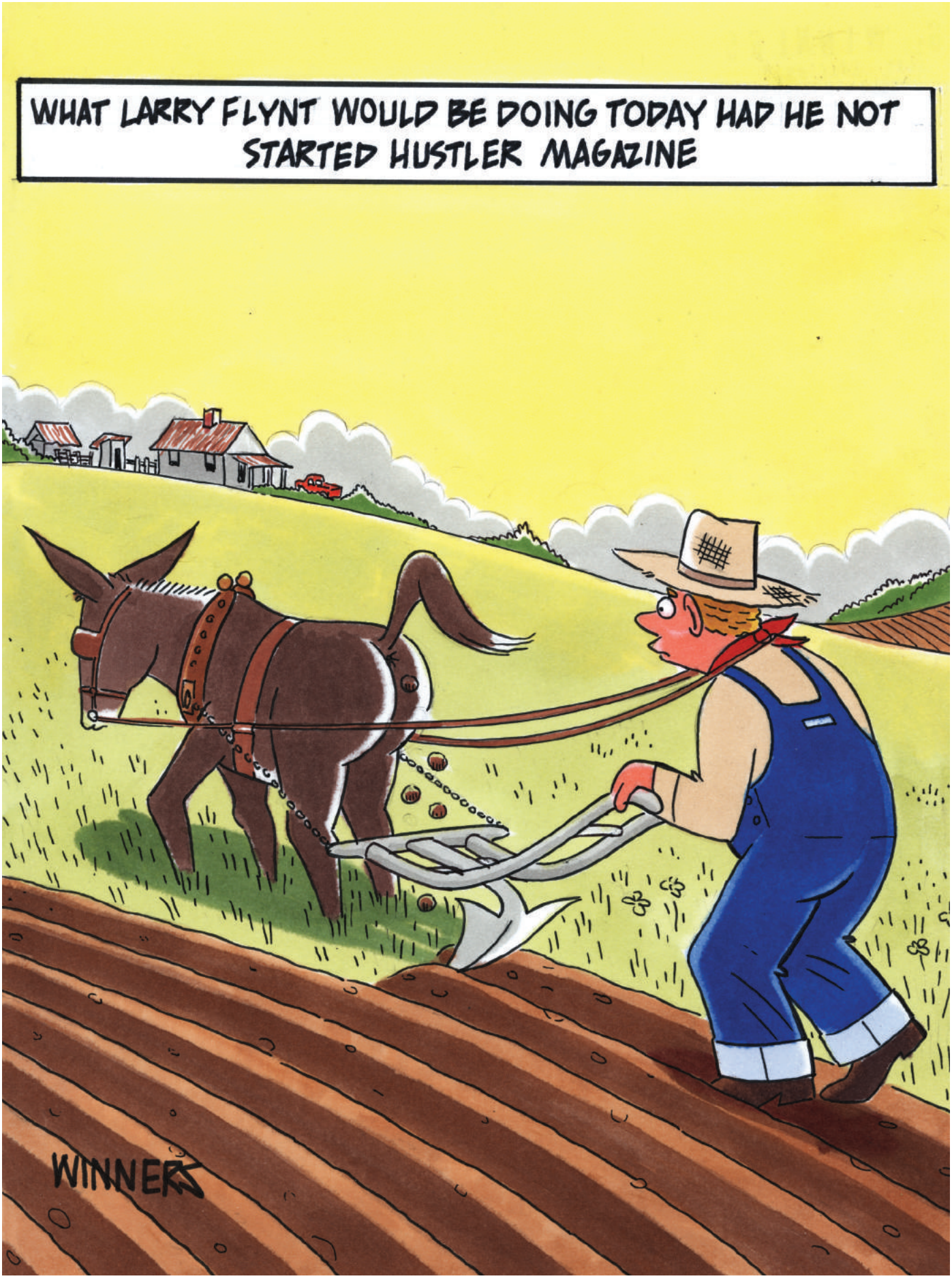
This reference was a reminder that *Minority Report*, starring Tom Cruise, had scared me when I first viewed it. The 2002 film revolved around special cops in the year 2054 who could actually read the minds of people who looked law-abiding but would soon terrorize.

So what are we to make of today's snooping? It is painfully clear that everything we post online is being watched. And if the FBI gets its new social media alert application—which seems inevitable—the eyes with which it scrutinizes our tweets and other messages will have superhuman vision. Less obvious is how the government's quest to "protect" the public good will be abused by technology to further trample legitimate free speech.

Since the 9/11 attacks, Republican and Democratic majorities in Congress, as well as Presidents Bush and Obama, have shredded the U.S. Constitution. Keep and protect a copy of your own lest it be banned eventually.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*

"We all have confessions to make, my son. I happen to like molesting little boys. I can tell you that because you'll be dead in ten minutes."


WHAT LARRY FLYNT WOULD BE DOING TODAY HAD HE NOT STARTED HUSTLER MAGAZINE
WINNER

YO-HO-HO AND CINEMA BOOTY

PIRATES ON THE OPEN NET

While growing up, I always dreaded Halloween, thanks to my mother. Year after year when the jack-o'-lanterns glowed, I trundled down the street, bag in hand, dressed as a pirate because it was the easiest costume for her to conjure up from her closet.

The bandanna was one of her scarves. Another served as a waist sash into which a cardboard sword was placed. For a shirt, I wore her blouse, while the earring came from her jewelry box. I wound up looking less like a pirate and more like a transvestite.

Now, approaching my twilight years, I found myself tempted to be a pirate once again—but this time a technological one. I entertained the thought of illegally downloading a movie. When I moved to New York a few years back, I put my DVDs in a storage locker in San Francisco. So what was I to do when I needed one of the DVDs in New York? I could have used a torrent site.

The easiest way to describe a "BitTorrent" is that it is a small digital file that connects to other people who have a piece of the larger file you want to download. Eventually, by using a program designed for such things, you could download a Hollywood blockbuster. These torrent sites don't actually stream the files; they just aggregate the torrents. You do all the downloading and uploading.

Why should I feel guilty? I own the damn film already. I don't believe in stealing movies or music. People work hard, and they deserve the reward they get in the form of residuals—a payment for the ongoing use of their talents. But I already contributed to their kids' college funds once. Why should I do it again?

Recently, the entertainment industry tried to turn me into a criminal and, even worse, deprive us all of a free and unfettered World Wide Web. Their attempt took the form of two legislative bills: SOPA (Stop Online Piracy Act) in the House of Representatives and PIPA (Protect Intellectual Property Act) in the Senate. These bills would make any activity associated with Internet piracy an illegal act. They would also make it a crime to engage in any sort of commerce with people doing this activity. Worst of all, the bills would block access to all sites the entertainment industry deems to be infringing on their copyrights—without chance of redress. Just on their word.

The entertainment industry claims it lost $42 billion to piracy last year, giving the impression that it was because of people like you and me downloading their product. In truth, the vast majority of those losses came from overseas. When I was in China, I stayed at a complex in an upscale area of Beijing that also contained a video store where not a single movie being sold was legal. Online torrent offenders are a drop in the bucket compared to China's copyright infringement.

The biggest lobbyist for SOPA and PIPA was the entertainment industry, which passed out *mucho* bucks to ensure the measures would pass. Among the recipients, disappointingly enough, were Senators Barbara Boxer (D-California) and Al Franken (D-Minnesota)—the co-sponsors of PIPA. Boxer's support of the bill makes sense since her state is home to the entertainment business. Franken is just an asshole who claims he is for Net neutrality one minute then supports a measure that would stifle an open Internet.

Thankfully, before the two bills could be voted on (they were certain to pass), the Internet made a preemptive strike. Many well-known sites like Wikipedia went dark in protest, while Google placed a black band over its iconic logo. About 500 additional sites participated in one way or another. Their point was that the proposed laws would have a chilling effect on Internet freedom. Just posting an image from your favorite movie could, in theory, get your Web site taken down.

That's when the Obama White House chimed in, saying it couldn't support the piracy bills in their present form. This bravery cost Obama a lot of money. The movie moguls announced that the President would get nothing from them this election cycle. The Hollywood biggies have yet to figure out that the Internet makes more money than they do. Obama can fill his reelection campaign coffers elsewhere.

Why should the federal government be the police for multimedia corporations? Shouldn't it be the latter's job—through legal recourse and technological innovation—to protect their intellectual property?

As a result of the protests, PIPA and SOPA have been indefinitely postponed. For the time being, the people have won. But this is just round one; you can bet on that.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

RICK SANTORUM SEEKS SOME MUCH-NEEDED THERAPY

"I'm depressed, Mickey. My mom cut me off. The next time I suck titties will be in junior high!"

Perry's Secrets

Governor Rick Perry [of Texas] decided to end his bid as a potential Republican nominee for President. The American public witnessed in Perry an elected governor prancing piously under the contentious cloak of religion. He was the Christian politician seeking the trust of all Americans.

Perry promised to amend the U.S. Constitution based on evangelical Christian principles. However, what he didn't tell the American public is even more important.

In his official capacities as governor and chairman of the Texas State Preservation Board, Perry committed unethical and criminal fraud in his defense during the landmark First Amendment litigation *Van Orden* v. *Perry*. The case concerned a Ten Commandments monument on the grounds of the state capitol in Austin, Texas.

A man who would defraud America of Constitutional protections through false and misleading evidence placed into record before the federal courts is not a man worthy of consideration for ascending to the elected office of President of the United States of America. Indeed, Rick Perry is a man not worthy of listening to at all.

—Avrahaum Segol
Ra'anana, Israel

DISCLAIMER: The opinions expressed in the above letter are strictly those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of HUSTLER Magazine or its publisher.

A Cup of Jasmine

I want to say thank you very much for printing my photos in the *Beaver Hunt* section in the October '11 issue. I enjoyed working with your senior editor, Morgen "Tex" Hagen. He was lots of fun to talk to.

Since the magazine came out, I have done my first official porn scene! It was a threesome with my girlfriend Ruby Violence and our friend Lily Cade. Lily fucked me with a strap-on from behind while I ate Ruby's yummy pussy. I loved every minute of it!

If you ever want me for a HUSTLER video, please holler! All the guys, all the girls, I will fuck them all. You kick ass, HUSTLER!

—Jasmine BlueXXX
Atlanta, Georgia

Beaver Fever

Are you ever going to put out a *Beaver Hunt* magazine again? The last one I have is from 1981.

BTW: I met Larry Flynt in Las Vegas four years ago. It was the thrill of my life. **—Harold Hensley**
Stockton, California

BEST OF BEAVER HUNT magazine is alive and well. To order recent editions, go to HustlerMagazine.com. For credit card orders, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651. You can also mail a check or money order payable to LFP Publishing for $15 per copy to: LFP Publishing, Attn: H. Nguyen, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

First-Timer

I never thought that I would be writing a letter to HUSTLER. I want you to know that the pictures of Alexis Paige ["Up All Night," April '12] are absolutely gorgeous.

—Patrick Hirkala
Weirton, West Virginia

Not Just Sex

Thanks for being concerned about the American people. Your article "Inside Occupy Wall Street" [April '12] was very informative. I'm involved with the Workers World Party and Green Party people. We assist the labor movements affiliated with OWS and depend on publications like yours to let the world know what's going on with the greed that has taken over our government. Keep up the good work!

—John Fuhrman
Southgate, Michigan

The angelic Alexis Paige (April '12) was a titillating teaser, but she left us begging for more.

Misdirection?

The top story in the Wisconsin news in 2011 was teachers protesting against paying for their own insurance premiums. They could have paid it if they'd used the $100 million they collected to recall Governor Scott Walker.

—Ted Verges
Johnson Creek, Wisconsin

Teachers didn't protest paying for health insurance premiums. They protested an antiunion bill that doubled their premiums, eliminated their collective bargaining rights and cut their salaries and benefits.

Temper, Temper

The April '12 article "Road Rash: Memoirs of a U2 Bodyguard" should have been titled "Road Rage." I have no doubt that Mr. Guyer is, as he proclaims, a badass. His extreme arrogance and twisted love of inflicting physical trauma on others force me to conclude that he thinks he is the sole master of the alpha male throne.

I was most likely the smallest bouncer/bodyguard to ever have worked the profession. My innate weapons were intelligence, tact, common sense and the ability to surveil a lot of people without them knowing my eyes were honed in on them. I was always aware that I'm not indestructible or bulletproof.

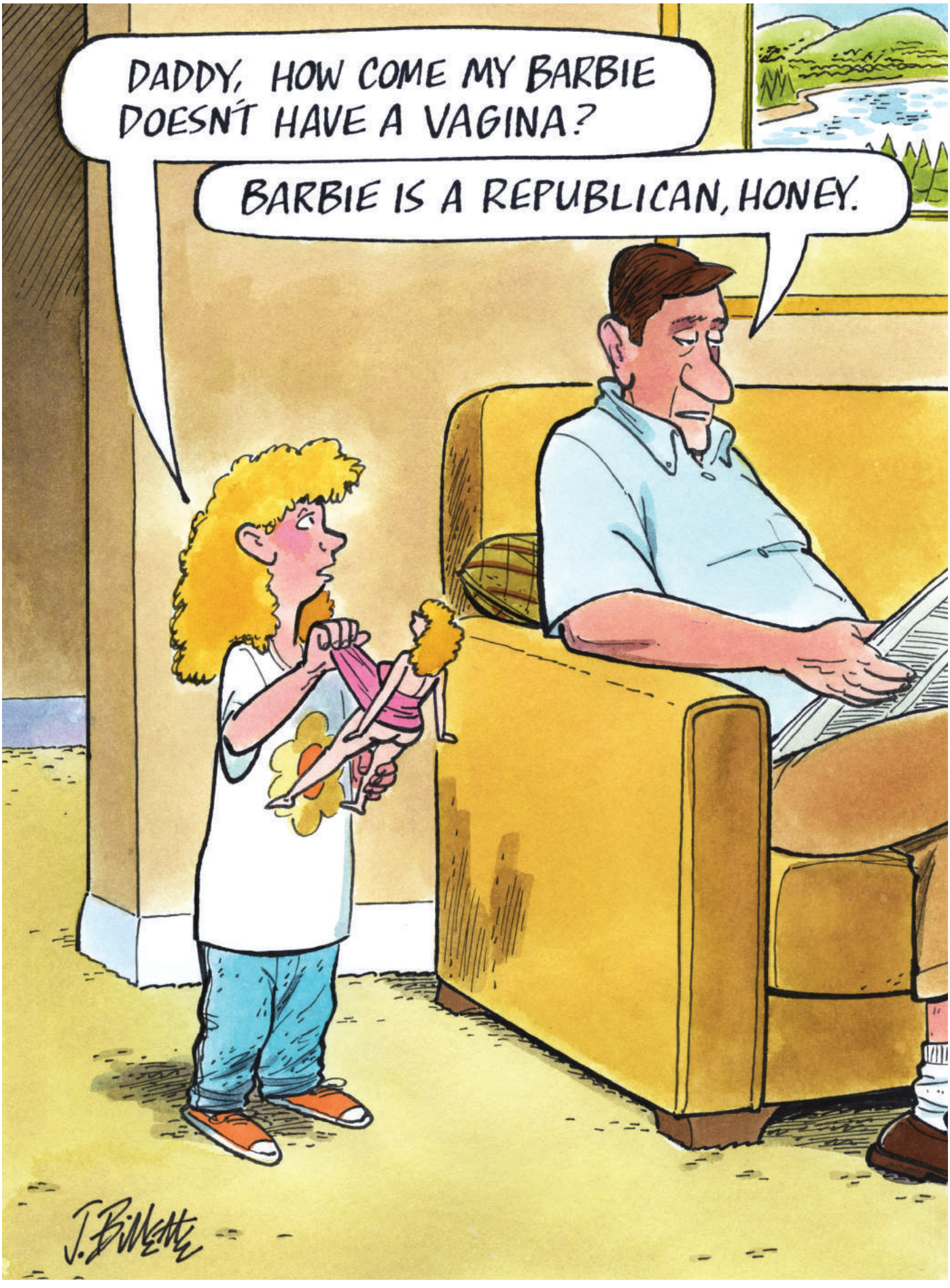
I wish you the best, Mr. Guyer, but please heed the following advice: "There has never been a horse that couldn't be ridden, and there has never been a rider that couldn't be thrown." **—M.A.**
Russellville, Kentucky

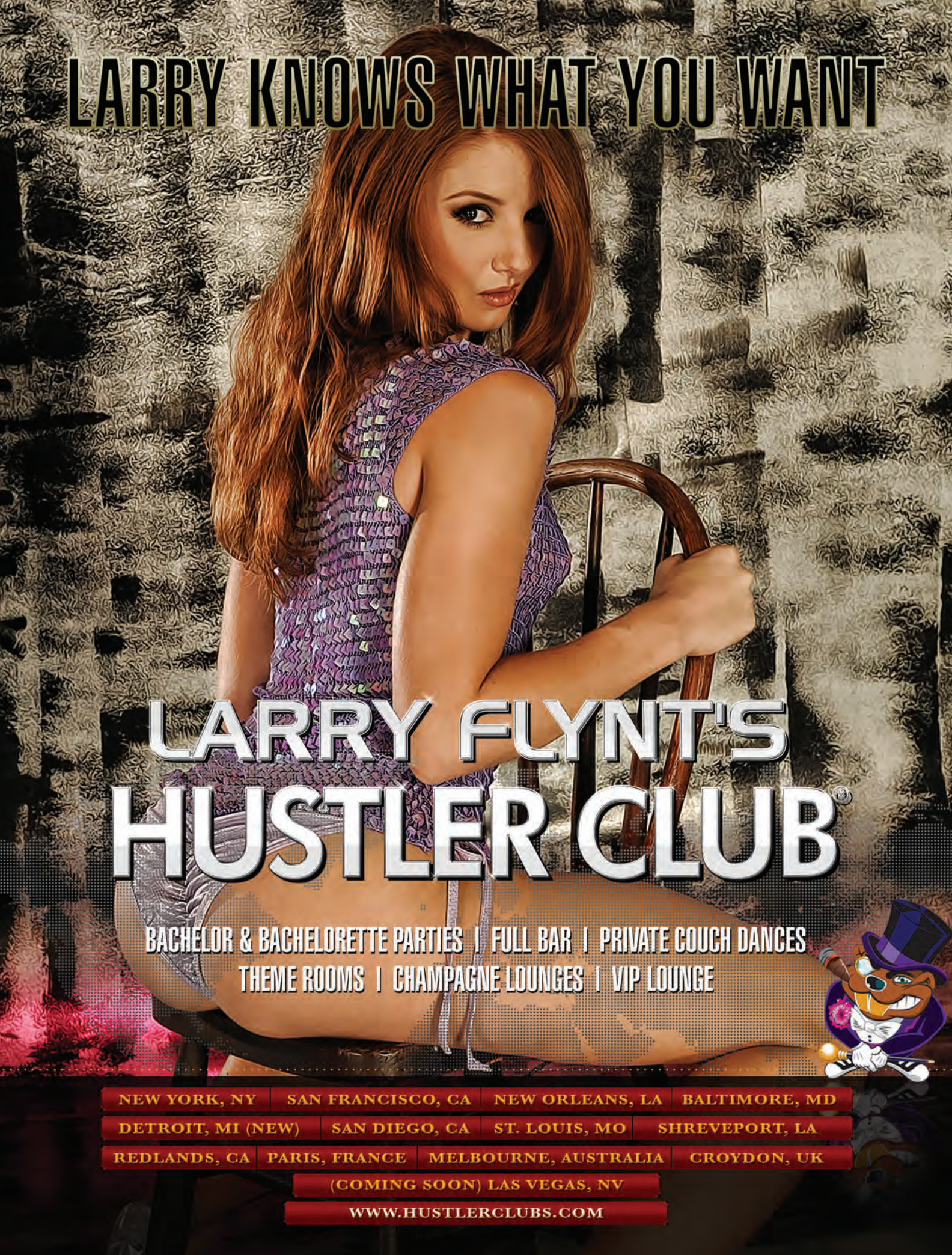
Pimpin' Is Easy

Have you ever wondered how we can clean up the tarnished image of politics? First, every elected official must start their day with an enema. That way, when they begin to speak, they'll no longer be full of shit. Why is it that a woman can't sell her ass, but the whores in Washington, D.C., will pimp themselves all day long? It's your money they're after.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


DADDY, HOW COME MY BARBIE DOESN'T HAVE A VAGINA?
BARBIE IS A REPUBLICAN, HONEY.
J. Bilkette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Countrywide recognizes that these are difficult times in America, particularly for white people. NASCAR ticket prices are soaring. Hall & Oates haven't released a new album in years. It's getting harder and harder to find a table at the Olive Garden. When will the white man get a break?
Countrywide to the rescue! We love making loans to good, hardworking white people. It's the shifty, lazy blacks and Latinos who give us problems. If you're white, you're golden in our eyes. To be honest, you don't even have to be law-abiding or hardworking to qualify. But seriously, don't be black.
Extra special VIP loans are available for members of CONGRESS! If you wield any political influence at all, we'll bend over backwards to give you a deal!
*for white people

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. This is a parody and commentary about Countrywide Financial. In December 2011, the company was ordered to pay a $335-million settlement for charging 200,000 black and Hispanic clients more for their loans than white applicants with similar credit histories. Additionally, Countrywide hooked up congressmen and other well-connected individuals with secret VIP loan rates that were not available to the public. For more information, visit **Topics.NYtimes.com/top/news/business/companies/countrywide_financial_corporation/**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

JAN BREWER

Is Arizona Governor Jan Brewer crazy? It looks as if that's entirely possible. Insanity runs in her family. Actually it gallops. Take her son Ronald. He has been confined to a mental institution for 22 years, having been found not guilty of sexual assault by reason of insanity.

Here's what we know: In 1989, Ronald Brewer forced his way into a woman's apartment, hit her, threatened her and forced her to engage in oral sex. The woman said she feared she would be killed if she didn't cooperate during her 20-minute ordeal. Since Jan Brewer (or someone) had her son's records sealed, any additional family history (regarding insanity) is unretrievable. However, it seems fair to say that her son's problem has either a genetic or an environmental basis. Either way, Governor Brewer would seem to be the link in the chain.

Brewer's public statements certainly seem crazy. Her father, Wilford Drinkwine—who died in 1955, ten years after the end of World War II—wasn't a combat veteran. He was a civilian supervisor at a naval munitions depot in Nevada during that war. Nonetheless, Brewer is quoted as telling the *Arizona Republic*: "Knowing that my father died fighting the Nazi regime in Germany, that I lost him when I was 11 because of that …and then to have them call me Hitler's daughter. It hurts. It's ugliness beyond anything I've ever experienced." Wow! That's nuts.

Here's another example of Brewer making things up (or seeing things that are not there): "Our law-enforcement agencies have found bodies in the desert either buried or just lying out there that have been beheaded," Brewer declared when discussing the issue of illegal immigration. But no Arizona law-enforcement agency would back up that claim. The headless bodies simply didn't exist.

With a mother like that, the governor's son could be forgiven, not only for his insanity but also for his hostility toward women. Ron Brewer must hate his mom. She hates him. Why else would she have voted to overturn the very Arizona law that kept him in a mental institution and out of prison. (Now when an institutionalized convict is deemed to be cured, he or she is sent to a correctional facility instead of being returned to society.)

It's not just Jan's hallucinations that concern us; there's also her vision of herself. The Republican governor seems to believe she can do anything she goddamned well feels like doing. For example, Brewer transferred federal stimulus money intended for education to an agency fighting drug trafficking and illegal crossings at the Arizona-Mexico border.

Then there's that redistricting brouhaha. For years, Arizonans have had to deal with out-of-control gerrymandering. (That's when a political party, having gained power, redraws electoral districts in a way that assures its candidates will be victorious.) That's why the Arizona Independent Redistricting Commission—headed by Colleen Mathis—was created to draw districts that truly represent the state's voting population.

However, as soon as it became apparent that the commission wasn't favoring the Republicans, Brewer fired Ms. Mathis—even though the governor had no legal authority to do so. This was confirmed by the Arizona Supreme Court, which thankfully ordered the reinstatement of Chairwoman Mathis.

As for Brewer's positions on political issues over the years, some have been pretty insane as well. First, there's her "Papers, Please" law, which allows police to ask dark-skinned people for their immigration documentation. Brewer can deny it all she wants, but that's racial profiling pure and simple.

Brewer followed that up by slashing taxes for the Grand Canyon State's large and small businesses. Unfortunately, these cuts added an estimated $538 million to Arizona's expected $1.15-billion deficit in fiscal 2012. How does she expect to pay for it? By reducing allocations to programs for the poor, most notably KidsCare and Medicaid. While that will cut $385 million from the state's Medicaid program, it will also deny coverage to 350,000 adults and children. Even crazier, because Brewer's new laws violate the requirements of President Barack Obama's healthcare reform legislation, Arizona could lose $6.96 billion from the federal government.

More recently, the governor has launched a full-out attack against unions, a surprising move because Arizona is already a right-to-work state—meaning its workers have the right to reject union membership (and the right to make less money). Under Brewer's new law, collective bargaining for public workers—including police and firefighters—becomes completely illegal. This makes union-busting laws in states like Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin look like a sloppy, wet anal kiss. Public workers' unions will cease to exist in Arizona. Without this country's unions, there would never have been a middle class.

Then there's the governor's finger-pointing encounter with President Barack Obama earlier this year on the tarmac of Mesa-Phoenix Gateway Airport. Brewer claimed that she felt threatened by the President and that he was "tense, to say the least." But Phoenix Mayor Greg Stanton, who was in close proximity to Obama and Brewer, dismissed her assertion. "He wasn't tense at all," Stanton recalled. "The guy's a pro."

Is Brewer seeing things that aren't there again? Remember those headless bodies in the desert? Or is something else afoot? Cynics point to her book *Scorpions for Breakfast*. Prior to her tiff with Obama, it was ranked number 276,665 in sales. Soon afterward, the book shot up to 21. So maybe she's crazy like a fox.

Whatever else Jan Brewer is, it's clear she lives inside her head, creating her own reality, a kind of upside-down *Alice in Wonderland* where she tramples on the rights of others without regard to who gets hurt. "Off with their heads!" cries the Queen of Hearts in the Lewis Carroll novel. "Off with their rights!" howls Governor Brewer in Blunderland.

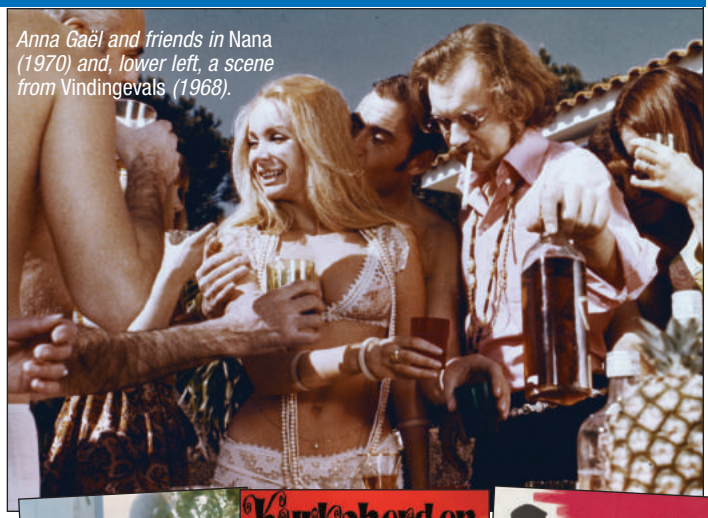
FARTS IN THE WIND

•The **CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER** reassigned Tony Grossi after the longtime Cleveland Browns beat reporter tweeted this assessment of team owner Randy Lerner: "He's a pathetic figure, the most irrelevant billionaire in the world." Grossi later apologized, as did publisher Terrance C.Z. Egger. What we see is a pathetic owner and a pathetic newspaper for seemingly punishing Mr. Grossi. Since Lerner inherited the team when his daddy died in 2002, the Brownies have had just two winning seasons and lost their only playoff game.

•The **NEW ORLEANS SAINTS** are knee-deep in shit. According to the NFL, during the past three seasons—including the team's 2009 Super Bowl run—defensive players chipped into a management-approved kitty that paid bounties for injuring opponents and for making interceptions and fumble recoveries. NFL rules ban such incentives, but the Saints (most notably former defensive coordinator/bounty spearhead **GREGG WILLIAMS**) were more unsaintly for disrespecting the rules of fair play.

There's more to Sweden than meatballs and IKEA. Filmmakers in the Scandinavian country have delivered a stream of gloriously naughty flicks, which Daniel Ekeroth chronicles in his new book *Swedish Sensationsfilms: A Clandestine History of Sex, Thrillers, and Kicker Cinema* (Bazillion Points, 320 pages, $19.95). Known mostly for the cerebral works of Ingmar Bergman, the Swedish film industry also churned out some rather remarkable B-movies. The years 1951-1993 marked a golden age for the "sensationsfilm" genre, which was characterized by violence, drugs, nudity and explicit sex. These films shocked viewers and inspired Quentin Tarantino, but they probably won't give you any insight into how to assemble that bookcase.

To pick up a copy of *Swedish Sensationsfilms*, visit **Sensationsfilm.com**.



Anna Gaël and friends in Nana *(1970) and, lower left, a scene from* Vindingevals *(1968).*

IMAGES COURTESY KLUBB SUPER 8

INTERGALACTIC INTERCOURSE

Dennis Hof, proprietor of the legal Nevada brothel depicted in the HBO series *Cathouse*, seems to be pretty desperate for publicity these days. His latest venture—the Alien Cathouse—will cater to sci-fi fans looking to consort with chicks dressed up as extraterrestrials. (Strangely enough, the alien costumes will be designed by Heidi Fleiss, the former Hollywood Madam.) With such an unusual mission, the Alien Cathouse had better be ready for some bizarre requests. Like, for example, a dude who wants to bang Princess Leia in her slave costume while watching ALF felch Robocop. Not that *we* know anyone like that.

"Sex is God's joke on human beings." —BETTE DAVIS, ACTRESS

This lovely lady boasted a pretty fine figure back in the day. She's probably someone's grandmother now. Don't let the fact that Granny might be wearing Depends and playing bingo these days deter you from jerking off to her. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *S.E. Cupp* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

S.E. Cupp is a lovely young lady who read too much Ayn Rand in high school and ended up joining the dark side. Cupp, an author and media commentator who often shows up on Fox News programs, is undeniably cute. But her hotness is diminished when she espouses dumb ideas like defunding Planned Parenthood. Perhaps the method pictured here is Ms. Cupp's suggestion for avoiding an unwanted pregnancy.

DISCLAIMER. No such picture of S.E. Cupp actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

BUM RUSH

The fun-loving prankster group Improv Everywhere was behind the recent No Pants Subway Ride. Held in several cities worldwide, the event gave urbanites an excuse to ditch their trousers and skirts for one memorable commute. There was a considerable turnout in New York City, leading us to think that its participants were especially brave. Not because it was winter and cold as shit. More because of what you typically find stuck to the seats of a Big Apple subway car: gum, urine, ass sweat, blood, human semen, monkey semen, santorum (the icky substance, not the icky politician) and, of course, broken dreams.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"Honest...I had nothing to do with this...I do not control my 'Super PAC'!"

"If it weren't for pickpockets, I'd have no sex life at all." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMEDIAN

NEWSBITES

CAN'T GET ENOUGH
A Pennsylvania man was jailed for following his heart. Unfortunately, this weirdo's ticker kept leading him to a barn. The dippy dude—who was already on probation for having sex with ten horses and a cow—confessed that he'd strayed again. For buggering another animal, he got a weekend in the pokey. The guy must be quite a Lothario. We understand that four of his equine paramours have already inquired about conjugal visits.

CASPER DID IT
Is a malevolent ghost haunting a small Wisconsin town? That's what a resident of Fond du Lac maintained after being busted for domestic abuse. The police were summoned after the guy's wife alleged that he'd hit her. Hubby denied it, initially saying that she'd fallen down. The cops were dubious, so the suspect changed his story by claiming that a ghost had assaulted his spouse. Surprisingly enough, Johnny Law didn't buy it. The alleged basher's troubles didn't end with his arrest. We hear that the ghost is suing the numbskull for defamation of character.

DRUGGY DOCTORS
Ketamine, the cat tranquilizer that became a popular rave drug in the 1990s, is making a comeback. But not among party-crazy teens. Now it's big among doctors. Ketamine is being explored as a possible cure for depression. While drugs like Prozac may take weeks to take effect, current studies suggest that ketamine can vanquish the blues almost instantly. Praise science! Here's hoping the next major breakthrough proves that Ecstasy cures STDs.

IF THIS CHURCH IS ROCKIN', DON'T COME KNOCKIN'
Reverend Ed Young wants to bring the bedroom back into religion. To make his point that sex within the confines of marriage is fine with God, the Texas preacher spent a day camping on the roof of his church—while in bed with his wife. The couple didn't do any humping on top of God's house, but the stunt certainly elicited a lot of media attention. We're hoping that this man of the cloth is just getting started. Isn't it about time somebody brought Ben-Wa balls back into church?

"The problem is that God gives men a brain and a penis, and only enough blood to run one at a time." —ROBIN WILLIAMS, FUNNYMAN

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #32

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Secretary of the Treasury Timothy Geithner has been blowing smoke up the country's ass by touting the 2010 Dodd-Frank bill as an effective way to regulate the financial sector and prevent the big banks from taking down the economy. Unfortunately, Dodd-Frank is as toothless as a leprous prostitute. Dodd-Frank increases the holding requirements for all banks, theoretically making it less likely for them to squander all of their cash on risky investments. But that holding mandate will probably hurt small local banks most of all. If a few of them go under, that's only going to mean more market share for the behemoths. The huge banks will still be able to gamble with other people's money because Dodd-Frank stops well short of reinstating the Glass-Steagall Act. Repealed in 1999, that law separated commercial banks from investment banks. Without Glass-Steagall, there is no clear provision that prevents banks from taking their clients' deposits and investing them in dicey financial products like the mortgage-backed securities that doomed the economy. Given a chance to push through real banking reform, Geithner dropped the ball. Actually, we're being nice by implying that he ever held the damn ball. For this and many more reasons, we will continue to shit on Timmy until he makes our dreams come true by quitting or getting canned.

WANKERS, REJOICE!

At long last a manufacturer has figured out how to make masturbating in the shower easier. Oakland, California-based Shower-X designs and sells shower curtains adorned with life-size pictures of hotties. Instead of having to conjure up the image of a chick you saw in HUSTLER, now there's jerk-off fodder right there in the shower with you. The stimulating curtains are available at **Shower-X.com**.

HOLLIDAY SHOPPING

Kendra Holliday, the 9-to-5 gal whose life was uprooted because of her sex blog, was profiled in HUSTLER's March 2012 issue. To commemorate the release of the magazine, Kendra and the HUSTLER Hollywood store in St. Louis threw a sexy shindig. Kendra autographed a few items (including a woman's breast) and hung out with her many fans and supporters in the area. To keep track of Kendra's ongoing adventures, check out her revamped blog at **TheBeautifulKind.com**.

Lily LaBeau

BiBi Jones and Tasha Reign

Jenna Rose and Emily Addison

Taylor Stevens

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

PORN PROM

The 10th annual XBIZ Awards provided an opportunity for the adult industry's top talents to celebrate in style. The gala event—held inside the Barker Hangar at Southern California's Santa Monica Airport—was hosted by porn stars Kayden Kross and jessica drake.

Portrait of a Call Girl was named 2011's best feature film, while HUSTLER Video took home the prize for Parody Studio of the Year. Also deserving kudos was the red carpet itself, which brought out a passel of XXX vixens who were captured by our intrepid photographer in a surprising state: clothed.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO BE TOLD!
TAX CUTS ARE NOT FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS!
THEY'RE FOR THE WEALTHY AND CORPORATIONS!
©Keith Tucker 2011
"WHAT NOW?!!"
© KEITH TUCKER
WWW.WHATNOWTOONS.COM

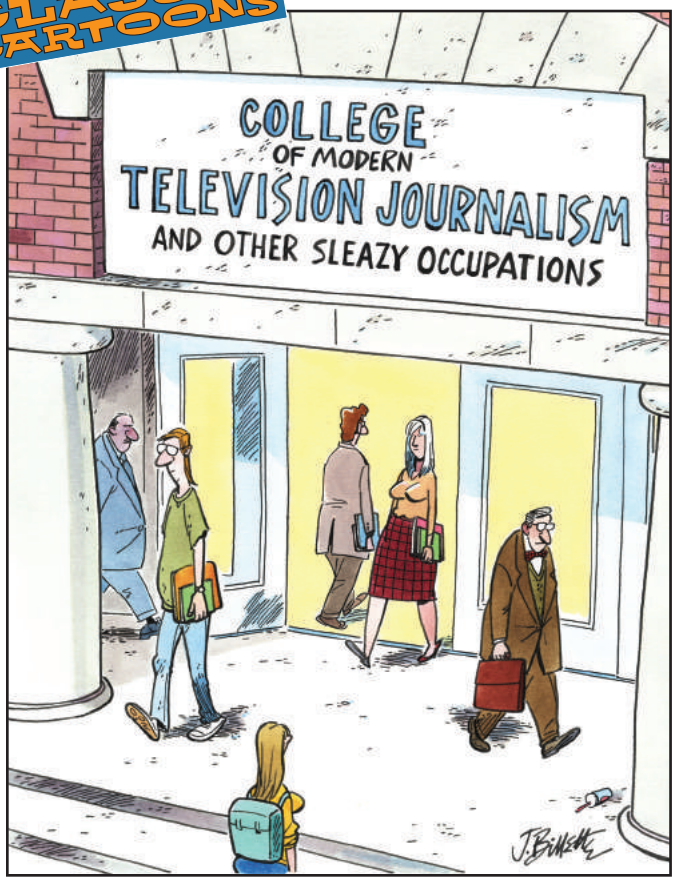
SKIN-BIZ SENTINEL

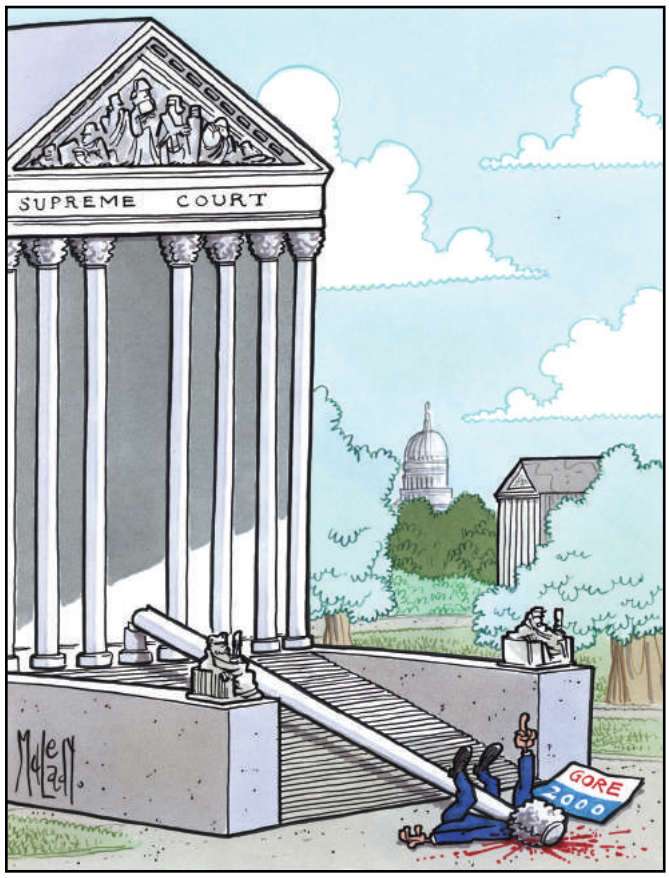
Larry Flynt was recognized once again for his commitment to fighting for freedom of speech. On this occasion, HUSTLER's Publisher received the Industry Icon Award at the 10th annual XBIZ Awards.

It's difficult to imagine what the present-day porn scene would resemble had Larry Flynt not been born. As the courageous First Amendment crusader warns, "We have to constantly be on guard when it comes to our freedoms because you can lose them as easily as you can gain them."

PHOTO BY EMMREPORT

"Nature abhors a virgin—a frozen asset." —CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, WRITER/CONGRESSWOMAN


COLLEGE
OF MODERN
TELEVISION JOURNALISM
AND OTHER SLEAZY OCCUPATIONS


SUPREME COURT
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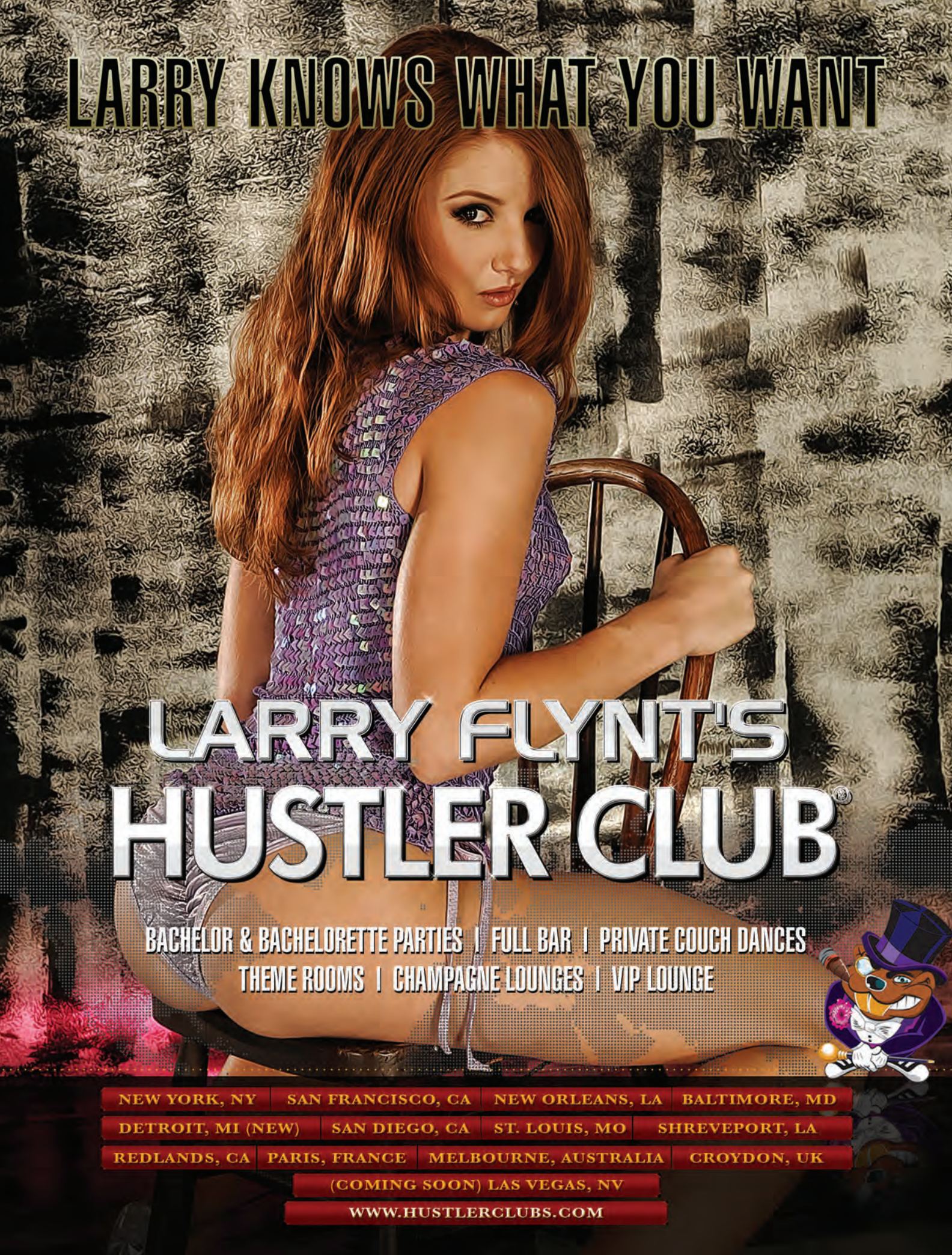
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GOING DOWN UNDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

SALLY CHARLES

Australian coed **Sally Charles** took a semester off to visit America, and so far her trip has been full of pleasant surprises. “I thought people here would be really angry,” **Sally** remarks. “I expected everyone to be tense and unfriendly because of how screwed up the economy is and political stuff. But even with what’s going on, people have been super-nice and helpful.”

The gorgeous visitor from Down Under recognizes that there are plenty of misconceptions about her own stomping ground. “Americans probably think everyone in Australia looks like Crocodile Dundee and drinks Foster’s beer,” **Sally** notes. “It’s not like the entire country is rugged like the Outback. Melbourne and Sydney are very modern cities. And it’s just the commercials that make Foster’s seem like Australia’s official beer. I’m much more of a white wine girl anyway.”

When **Sally** wants to unwind, she digs watching movies, hitting her favorite dance clubs and partying. “It’s fun being at parties in America because all of the guys want to hear my accent,” the stunning Aussie marvels. “So it’s easy to talk to them even though I’m kind of shy back home. Over here, I’ve become really outgoing.”

SALLY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Melbourne, Australia | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 125

Sally Charles will be returning to her half of the world shortly, but the immodest head-turner has a strong hunch that she'll be back in the States soon enough.

"I've met a lot of cool people here," **Sally** says. "I'm sure this won't be the last you see of me."

WILLIAM SHATNER

SHATNER RULES!

HUSTLER, THE FINAL FRONTIER: AN EXCLUSIVE Q&A WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE STARSHIP *ENTERPRISE*

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

There is only one William Shatner: the Canadian-born actor, author, singer, animal activist, poet and Priceline pitchman. In his 50-plus-year career, Shatner has portrayed a myriad of memorable characters, including Bob Wilson (*Twilight Zone*), TV cop T.J. Hooker, Denny Crane (*The Practice*, *Boston Legal*), Dr. Edison Milford Goodson III (*$#*! My Dad Says*) and, of course, *Star Trek*'s Captain James T. Kirk.

Shatner beamed down to planet HUSTLER for this exclusive sitdown with Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt. The showbiz icon discussed everything from the cult of *Star Trek* and his love of horses to his numerous upcoming projects and the future of mankind. Heady stuff indeed.

HUSTLER: How does it feel to be an icon?

WILLIAM SHATNER: I don't know what the term *icon* means. It could mean you're easily moved by a [computer] mouse. It could mean you're held up as some kind of object to people. I don't know what that object is.

We're using it in the context of larger-than-life and legendary.

If you're asking permission to call me an icon, you have my permission. If you're asking me to comment on it, then I don't know how to comment on what people think of me.

You are always working, but you seem especially prolific right now with a CD, DVD and book. What triggered this spurt of creativity?

A lot of things. The book [*Shatner Rules: Your Guide to Understanding the Shatnerverse and the World at Large*] and record [*Seeking Major Tom*] are out. There is a new electronic game coming that we are working on right now. There is a Facebook game show that is close to fruition. I have another documentary called *Fanatics* that is being edited right now. The documentary *The Captains* is now on

DVD. Then there are some new interview shows about crime that we're doing for A&E. We're using the same technique we used for my show *Aftermath*, which was on the Biography Channel. But more toward criminals.

Do you ever take time off?

This morning I went to my doctor to get the results of my blood work. It was fantastic. He had prescribed a thing, and it resulted in enormous improvement in all my numbers. I then drove from there to where I ride horses in Moorpark [an L.A. suburb] and rode my horse for two hours. I then drove down here for this interview. From here I'm going to my office to do something for the Zakk Wylde roast, where his wife will crawl out from under my desk. Then I have a meeting with a cable company called Epics about our next venture.

Still sounds like a lot of work.

The riding was leisure, as was the doctor visit.

How can a trip to your doctor be a leisure activity?

Because I got good news. Look at what that does for your blood pressure. "You do not have cancer, Mr. Shatner." It's a feeling of total relaxation there.

Horses are your passion. When did you start riding?

I probably was a teenager—prepubescent or getting the pubes. I'm not quite sure. Somewhere around that time I got on a horse. Almost by accident. There was a rental stable near our house. I got on a horse and was galloping around. Then my parents turned up. My mom asked, "When did you learn how to ride?" That was the first time I had ever been on a horse. I must have had a gift of some kind. Horses are expensive. I spent a couple of years swabbing out stables in order to ride a rental horse. Then I stopped until many, many years later, when I was able to put some money together to buy a horse.

Around the 1970s I bought some land, ran one horse and then discovered, much to my chagrin, that horses are like Lay's potato chips: You can't have just one.

How many horses do you currently own?

I'm not sure because they multiply. Horses have horses, and then those horses have horses. What really matters is that I compete regularly in three different disciplines of riding. One is called reining, which is conducted at one of the horse shows I compete in. It's my own: the Hollywood Charity Horse Show. That's a very strict and precise discipline.

In Kentucky, my wife and I compete on American Saddlebreds (or show horses) and Standardbreds (or trotting horses). I compete in a trotting competition. I've won world championships in some of them.

Tell us about *Shatner Rules*.

Well, it's up-to-date. It's the latest book. What I mean is the anecdotes I tell—upon which I draw some conclusions—are very fresh. Not something I thought of years ago. They are happening now.

Does writing come easily to you?

I find the kick, as you must find, is finding the right word for the right moment.

What are some of "Shatner's rules"?

"Do your due diligence for an interview" could be a rule. "At a certain age, make sure you get out of bed" and "one foot in front of the other" are good. "Don't take no for an answer."

When hosting your *Raw Nerve* interview show, you got a lot of praise for asking questions no one would ask. What is the one question that no one but you would dare ask William Shatner?

I keep that question buried deep in my cerebellum, somewhere between my ego and my id.

Who was your favorite interview guest on *Raw Nerve*?

I really can't choose because everybody that I talked to exhibited some characteristic that was astonishing. They made me pull back and think how wonderful it was that they allowed themselves to be open. I had one personality contact me after the interview and say, "I think I said too much. Can you hold that story?" I took it out. I'm not looking for the tabloid story. Maybe that's why I can ask questions that others can't.

Do you have any interview subjects in mind for the new A&E crime show?

Maybe we can talk to someone who took part in the crime. We're going to be doing crimes, but I'm not sure which ones. I hope to be able to talk to people involved with the crimes and explore their psyche in relation to the crime. I did get a scoop with John Lee Malvo [a/k/a Lee Boyd Malvo], the young guy who was arrested with John Muhammad in the [2002] D.C. sniper case. We waited every Tuesday and Thursday from 4 to 6 p.m. Waited by the phone with a camera, lights and a microphone for him to call because he said he would. Two months. On the last day before deadline, we lucked out. He called. I did a 20-minute interview. At the end, when the computer voice said, "You have 20 seconds," I was able to ask, "Do you think God will forgive you?" He said, "If I can forgive myself." Then we were out of time. How interesting it was for me to explore why bizarre behavior is what it is.

Did you select the songs to cover on your CD *Seeking Major Tom*?

Yes and no. The label wanted me to do an album. They handed me some songs that were all sci-fi. I didn't want to do that, but I did want to take another shot at doing a record. Going through the lyrics, I discovered that there are at least half a dozen songs about Major Tom. First song they handed me was "Space Oddity" [David Bowie].

All these different lyricists had selected Major Tom as their subject. Who would have known? I came up with the idea of tracking what happened to Major Tom when he stepped out of the capsule. Then we had to choose a number of songs that follow the arc of what I thought would happen. He leaves the capsule enthusiastic, walks on the moon and finally ends up in Hell with Iron Man.

Is singing your second-favorite passion after horses?

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What I'm doing there is an offshoot of the rhythm and melody of the iambic pentameter of poetry, which I love. I used to do poetry shows. It stems from my love of poetry and having a Shakespearean background—the love of words and their musicality. When a lyric is really good, all that is there even without the melody. Then if an instrument will support me with the melodic line, it is an interesting combination. *Seeking Major Tom* is, in essence, a poetry album, as was the first album I did, *Transformed Man*, which was mocked in some places.

***The Captains* DVD features your interviews with former *Star Trek* commanders. We know who the greatest captain was, but who would you rank as the second-greatest?**

I appreciate your saying that. I knew Patrick Stewart a little bit. The others I did not know at all. In the course of the interviews, I saw a depth and interesting facets of these people—both as actors and individuals. They each bring something that's different and unique. We all have similar traits and very dissimilar traits. These men and women are extraordinary human beings. You can't say one is better than the other. I can't choose between Patrick Stewart—this lyrical Shakespearean actor—and Scott Bakula, an American musical actor. Look at that difference. They bring their own being to that role.

Is there one characteristic that all five *Star Trek* captains share?

Their dedication to being an actor to the harm and destruction of their personal life.

Thanks to *Star Trek*, you've been involved in a lot of space projects. Are you fascinated by the cosmos?

The mystery of life and the mystery of existence are the larger picture. What's going on out in the universe is so beyond our imagination. We touch on it with our instruments like the Hubble Telescope but only ever so slightly. We can't even imagine how many things exist out there that we haven't even thought of yet, like the idea of multiple universes. We think that the universe is round and that it's expanding, but it doesn't have to be! If only we'd let ourselves imagine what is out there without limiting ourselves to our poverty-stricken way of thinking. But that's all we know. We are amazed and confounded and baffled and drawn to the mystery of what is out there.

Are people afraid of what's conceivably out there?

We fear change. Things are changing all the time. The world is changing so quickly that you, as a young man, will have to change how you live in a vast way. Glaciers are melting 20 times faster than expected! Things are going to change so drastically. You thought it's going to be your children's children. It's not. Stars and universes are changing on a grand scale. Comets are whizzing by, near-misses. People are clinging to what is here and now because tomorrow is fearful. We have to fight that, adjust and change with the change.

"What's going on out in the universe is so beyond our imagination. We touch on it with our instruments like the Hubble Telescope but only ever so slightly. We can't even imagine how many things exist out there that we haven't even thought of yet."

We want to ask you a couple of questions about *Star Trek*. Did you ever imagine—

No! The answer to all questions about *Star Trek* is no! Yes. Leonard Nimoy. But only once. (*Laughs.*)

Why has *Star Trek* generated such a long-lasting, universal appeal?

Trekkies, Trekkers, Trekettes—whatever you call them—are participating in cultural myth. *Star Trek* is the mythology of today. Every culture has needed and used mythology. The Greeks, the Romans, every culture has their mythology. *Star Trek* offers you the mythology that we will adjust to change. That the technology that got us into this mess will get us out of this mess. That life sustains.

Star Trek offers you heroes in the same way. In the end, for these fans, by putting on the costumes and makeup, they are participating in a mythology that makes them feel better. People on the sidelines wonder what these fools are doing. Fans who meet and converse and trade information [at *Star Trek* conventions] feel better about having been there. That's what Trekkies are doing. And that's what *Star Trek* is.

What is the secret to your success?

My wife. Elizabeth is the secret to my success—and, incidentally, so is vigor. Health is huge. Acting takes a lot of energy. What you need to be a performer is joy and energy.

We'd ask you another *Star Trek* question, but the answer would probably be—

No! The answer is no! Yes.

And Leonard Nimoy?

But only once. (*Laughs.*)

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BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

ARTWORK COURTESY DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT

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Giant flesh-eating worms. Enormous four-armed apes. Epic sword battles teeming with blood, guts and plenty of lopped-off heads. Savage, monstrously large lions. Gorgeous, young, scantily clad babes everywhere you turn. The Red Planet sounds like a pretty cool place! In Dynamite Entertainment's incredible *Warlord of Mars*, you get all of the above and much more. The comic book series is a lushly illustrated adaptation of the classic Edgar Rice Burroughs pulp saga—complete with extra-sexy, jaw-dropping covers.

Warlord of Mars follows the action-packed adventures of Civil War veteran John Carter, who finds himself strangely transported to Barsoom a/k/a Mars. There, the low gravity enables the earthling to perform superhuman feats. Consequently, aside from trying to keep peace between various warring Martian factions, Carter is constantly saving the luscious princess Dejah Thoris from one freaky, power-crazed alien after another.

"At Dynamite, we usually produce superhero comics," says *Warlord* writer Arvid Nelson. "But with this series, we're getting back to comics the way they were in the 1940s, before the Comics Code. We're trying to make pulp fiction fresh, relevant and fun."

Thankfully, that includes illustrating the Martian damsels in a seductively erotic fashion: busty and muscular yet shapely—and baring lotsa skin. So hats off to Dynamite for enlisting such revered artists as Joe Jusko, J. Scott Campbell and Paul Renault to supply the wonderfully rendered, frequently sensual images.

Were Burroughs still alive, he'd be marveling too. The provocative renditions of the Barsoomian women remain relatively true to his 11 John Carter novels, in which the Red Planet's inhabitants viewed clothed individuals as completely barbaric.

"We have a mature-readers warning on these particular

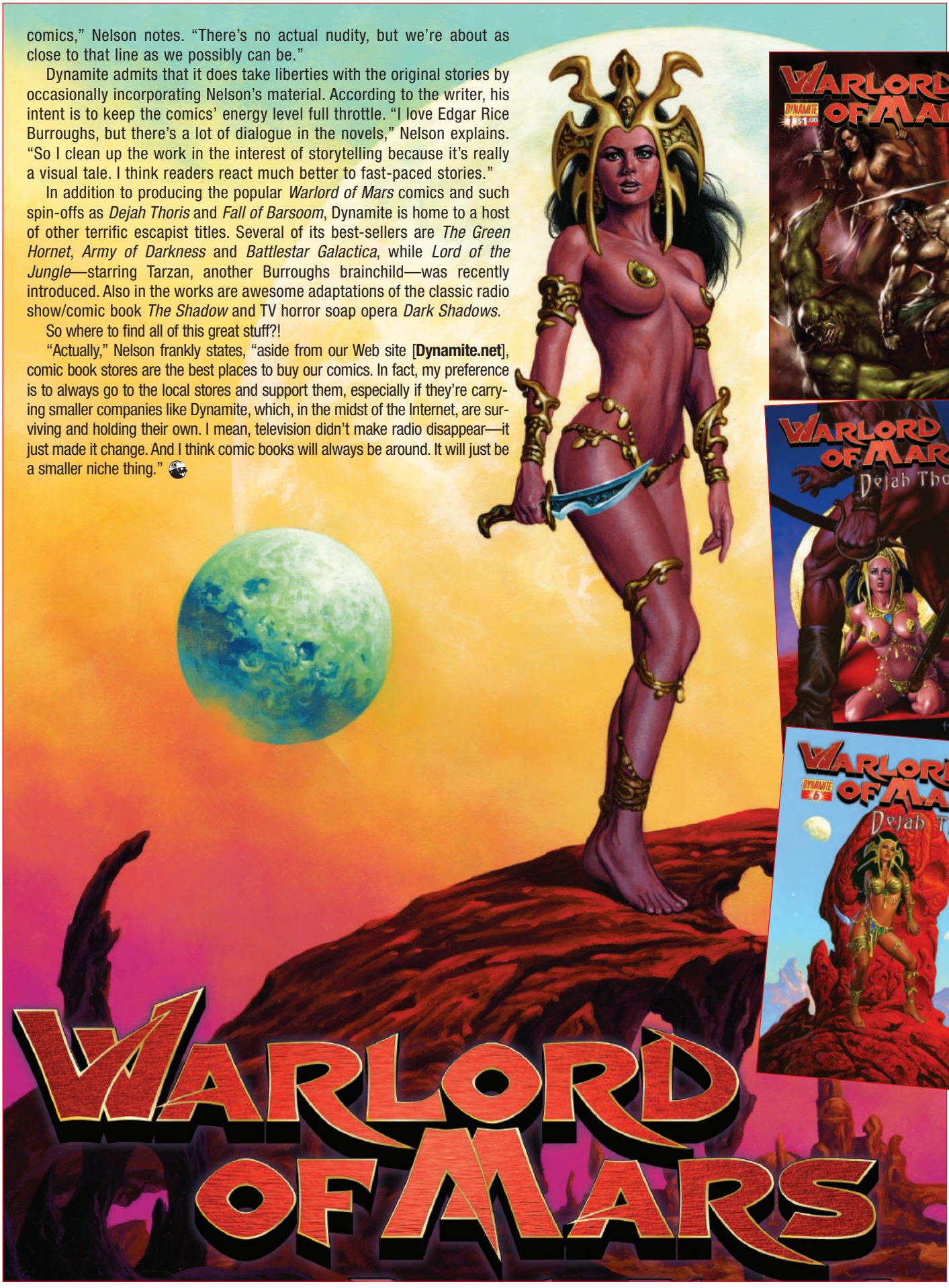
comics," Nelson notes. "There's no actual nudity, but we're about as close to that line as we possibly can be."

Dynamite admits that it does take liberties with the original stories by occasionally incorporating Nelson's material. According to the writer, his intent is to keep the comics' energy level full throttle. "I love Edgar Rice Burroughs, but there's a lot of dialogue in the novels," Nelson explains. "So I clean up the work in the interest of storytelling because it's really a visual tale. I think readers react much better to fast-paced stories."

In addition to producing the popular *Warlord of Mars* comics and such spin-offs as *Dejah Thoris* and *Fall of Barsoom*, Dynamite is home to a host of other terrific escapist titles. Several of its best-sellers are *The Green Hornet*, *Army of Darkness* and *Battlestar Galactica*, while *Lord of the Jungle*—starring Tarzan, another Burroughs brainchild—was recently introduced. Also in the works are awesome adaptations of the classic radio show/comic book *The Shadow* and TV horror soap opera *Dark Shadows*.

So where to find all of this great stuff?!

"Actually," Nelson frankly states, "aside from our Web site [**Dynamite.net**], comic book stores are the best places to buy our comics. In fact, my preference is to always go to the local stores and support them, especially if they're carrying smaller companies like Dynamite, which, in the midst of the Internet, are surviving and holding their own. I mean, television didn't make radio disappear—it just made it change. And I think comic books will always be around. It will just be a smaller niche thing."



"They're just like us. Look, he's marking his territory!"

BY HARRY WALSH

ALIEN ABDUCTIONS

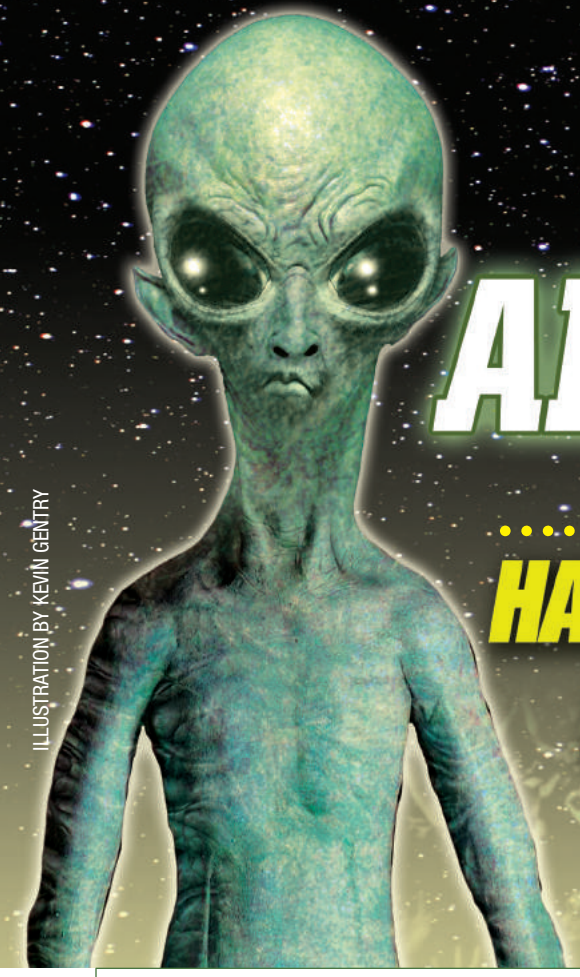


ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

HAVE YOU BEEN ABDUCTED BY EXTRATERRESTRIALS THAT STOLE YOUR DNA?

Hundreds, thousands, even millions of people have been abducted by UFO-based aliens, according to several highly credible sources. These extraterrestrials are believed to have stolen their prey's DNA and/or sometimes forced them to have sex with monstrous creatures. After investigating more than 700 such cases, the late Budd Hopkins came to believe that one in 50 Americans has been abducted by aliens, most without memory of it. Hopkins was drawn to UFO studies after seeing one himself.

David Michael Jacobs, Ph.D., a recently retired Temple University associate professor of history whose 1973 doctoral dissertation dealt with the UFO phenomenon, has studied more than a thousand abduction cases. He says aliens are stealing human genetic material—sperm and eggs—to create hybrids through forced or otherwise induced breeding. In numerous publications and on the Web site of his International Center for Abduction Research (**UFOabduction.com**), Jacobs has detailed how aliens are taking over our planet.

Abductees taken aboard UFOs have reported seeing many combinations of grotesque, otherworldy creatures. Some are more alien than human; others are so completely evolved that they could pass unnoticed on any street in America. And they may already be doing so in large numbers. If Jacobs is right, hybrids are infiltrating our society, forming sleeper cells—perhaps at high political, military and industrial levels—to help facilitate a smooth alien invasion. After the takeover, some humans may be kept on reservations for further DNA harvesting.

While abduction reports are numerous, the granddaddy of all accounts was commemorated in New Hampshire in July 2011 with a highway plaque placed near the scene: "On the night of September 19-20, 1961, Portsmouth, N.H., couple Betty and Barney Hill experienced a close encounter with an unidentified flying object and two hours of 'lost' time while driving south on Rte 3 near Lincoln. They filed an official Air Force Project Blue Book report of a brightly lit cigar-shaped craft the next day but were not public with their story until it was leaked in the *Boston Traveler* in 1965. This was the first widely reported UFO abduction report in the United States."

The New Hampshire residents recalled being in their car, pursued by a UFO on which Barney Hill observed humanlike figures watching them from a window. After fleeing the scene, the Hills experienced odd noises and sensations while in the car then discovered that they had somehow traveled 35 miles, lost two hours of time and that their watches had stopped. Betty's dress was torn, and the tips of Barney's shoes were scuffed, as if he'd been dragged. The Hills also noticed unusual circular marks on their car that (it was later determined) caused the needle on a magnetic compass to spin wildly.

Shortly after getting home, the Hills reported what they remembered of the encounter to officials at Pease Air Force Base. A telephone interview was conducted by Major Paul Henderson and a report was forwarded to Project Blue Book—a study of UFOs conducted by the U.S. Air Force from 1952 to 1970. The first reports minimized the Hills' experience, labeling it an unusual "optical event."

After being battered by nightmares of abduction, not to mention a general sense of unease, the Hills began researching UFOs.

Ultimately they sought help, finally undergoing hypnosis as part of a search for blocked memories. Hypnotized separately, Betty and Barney each similarly detailed being forcibly abducted by aliens—the now-familiar small, large-eyed Little Grays most commonly described in North American close-encounter accounts—and then transported into the UFO.

Once aboard the vessel, the Hills entered a laboratory where they were subjected to intrusive, and sometimes painful, examinations. A needle was pushed through Betty's navel. Barney, who recalled having a device placed over his genitals, believed sperm had been removed. Betty's nail clippings, hair and skin samples were also collected. Before being returned to their car, the Hills were told they would not remember what had transpired.

Most abductees, experts concede, are not seeking money or publicity. These individuals are telling what they truly believe they experienced. Often these stories only reach the public because the abductees sought medical help for the post-traumatic stress or physical scars (needle marks, bruises, scoop marks) caused by the encounter.

Details of the abduction experience have been repeated so frequently that Thomas E. Bullard, Ph.D.—who studies the UFO phenomenon in the context of myths and folklore—has codified the frightening experience:

1. Capture: The abductee is forcibly taken from terrestrial surroundings to an apparent alien spacecraft.

2. Examination: Invasive medical or scientific procedures are performed on the abductee.

3. Conference: The abductors speak to the abductee.

4. Tour: The abductee is given a tour of their captors' vessel.

5. Loss of Time: Abductees rapidly forget the majority of their experience.

6. Return: The abductee is returned to Earth occasionally in a different location from where he was allegedly taken or with new injuries or disheveled clothing.

7. Theophany: The abductee has a profound mystical experience, accompanied by a feeling of oneness with God or the universe.

8. Aftermath: The abductee must cope with the psychological, physical and social effects of the experience.

While more than 20 alien species may be visiting Earth, as some UFOlogists suggest, in North America the most commonly reported aliens are the Little Grays. Sometimes they are accompanied by, or are led by, much taller, though similar-looking beings that seem to have authority over them.

David Michael Jacobs notes the purposeful nature of the Grays: "The entire abduction event is precisely orchestrated. All the procedures are predetermined. There is no standing around and deciding what to do next. The beings are task-oriented, and there is no indication whatsoever that we have been able to find out any aspect of their lives outside of performing the abduction procedures."

Based on this characterization and similar observations, some suspect the Little Grays might be a form of biorobot.

In some accounts, the Grays seem to hover just above the ground. They are also able to levitate and transport abductees. Most aliens are reported to have telepathic powers and some ability to control the thoughts of human captives and insert false memories. They do this during intense eye-to-eye contact. Both the taller and the diminutive Grays are frequently reported in the company of significantly different species. Jacobs suggests that Grays may answer to reptilian or insectoid overlords.

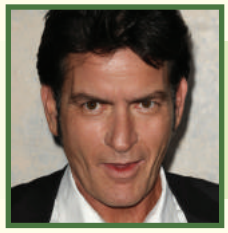
A number of UFOlogists speculate that the aliens might be hybrids, that they have assimilated DNA from life-forms on other

HUSTLER'S SUSPECTED ALIEN HYBRIDS

Here's a list of celebrities we believe are not of this Earth. If you suspect that any famous folks are extraterrestrials, we'd love to see your list! Send it to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

ANN COULTER:

Almost perfect hybrid except for the gender thing.



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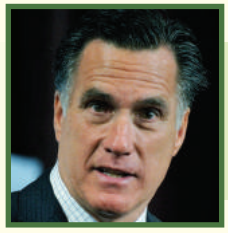
CHARLIE SHEEN:

Practically confessed to being one.

PHOTO COURTESY WIREIMAGE

TOM CRUISE:

Admits to having been on many other planets.



MITT ROMNEY:

Totally lacking in any human characteristics.

MICHAEL JACKSON:

Almost certainly a hybrid, but of human or alien design?

OPRAH WINFREY:

Clearly intent on taking over the world.

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY GETTY IMAGES EXCEPT WHERE INDICATED

MR. JENKINS, WHY DO ALL THE OTHER KIDS CONSTANTLY BULLY ME?!
PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU'RE A FAG, ALAN. DON'T GO KILLING YOURSELF NOW!
COACH JENKINS
10TH GRADE COUNSELOR

planets and may themselves be composites of multiple genomes in an ongoing process of genetic imperialism. Although Jacobs's published findings can strain credibility, he and Budd Hopkins are among the most prominent UFOlogists who believe extraterrestrials are real in the nuts-and-bolts, flesh-and-blood way we understand reality.

On a scale running from close-minded deniers to crazy speculators, Jacobs and Hopkins occupy what might be seen as the farthest out of all the UFO believers with sound conventional credentials. Pulling back a few clicks, we run into Whitley Strieber—author of *Communion* and many other books—who maintains an open mind about his personal alien-abduction experience and those of others. Strieber acknowledges that he does not know where the abductors came from—Earth or elsewhere—and that they may be from another dimension, another "reality" or even, on some mysterious level, be products of his own mind.

Psychiatrist and Pulitzer Prize-winner John Edward Mack, M.D., occupies a place on the scale close to Strieber's. Before his death in 2004, Mack concentrated on the impact alien abduction had on those who experienced it. Although he first assumed abduction experiences were symptoms of mental illness, Mack ultimately came to believe abductees had actually experienced something. To him, the abduction accounts are a continuation of traditional visionary events and religious experiences reported all throughout history. In that sense at least, they are truthfully told, genuine experiences. (BTW: This opens the door to the notion that biblical accounts of gods and angels coming to Earth might actually be alien encounters.)

The implication of Strieber's and Mack's respective assessments may be that we have a limited, superficial grip on reality, and that there is much more going on around us than we ordinarily perceive. If we could see it all, we might, for example, be aware that we are shoulder-to-shoulder with other beings, occupying a very crowded space that they share with us as they have forever.

Angels, Greek gods, elves and leprechauns—all potentially real. You and I and all the physical rules of our universe—all potentially illusions.

The views of Whitley Strieber and John Edward Mack are refreshingly inclusive. Extraterrestrials may, in fact, exist and be visiting us, or they may not. We need to listen to what credible UFOlogists have to say and be open-minded and vigilant. If David Michael Jacobs is correct, not believing and not being diligent could be disastrous.

Harry Walsh writes about technology and an assortment of topics, usually offbeat. The onetime oceangoing tugboat captain, who has taught English at two universities and a college, lives in the woods of Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania, with a gorgeous wife and three big dogs.

GRIN AND BARE IT

CAPRI ANDERSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

Don't ask **Capri Anderson** what excites her about life. Everything does! "I'm a very enthusiastic person," she notes. "There are so many different things I like to do—horseback riding, traveling, hiking the beautiful hills of California, being on the East Coast in the autumn and, most of all, laughing!"

However, there's one thing **Capri** isn't so crazy about: settling down. "I never know what to tell people when they ask where I'm from," the itinerant beauty remarks. "I'm sort of tri-coastal. I split my time mostly between Los Angeles, New York City and Miami. I'll probably still be a jet-setter when I get older, even if I'm dragging kids around with me!"

This wanderlust has taken curvy **Capri** to far-off places like Ireland, the Netherlands, Bahrain and St. Croix (an annual destination). One Central American country is memorable for more than just the scenery. "I went to Costa Rica with my boyfriend at the time," **Capri** elaborates, "and we had sex 27 times in a week! After that, I call it Costa Freaka!"

When it comes to prospective lovers, **Capri** thinks it boils down to chemistry. "It's all about how two unique people fit together," she explains. "As far as what turns me on, it's odd. I think the collarbone is a beautiful physical attribute, and I love good skin, particularly when it's a bit sun-kissed."

Jonesing for more Capri Anderson? Then feast your eyes upon *Barely Legal #96* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

CAPRI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Miami | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 112

Capri, who appreciates the work of writers like Paulo Coelho and Jean Sasson, aspires to be a published author herself someday. But **Capri**'s main priority is to leave the world a better place than she found it. "With whatever I do," **Capri** states, "I want to have a positive impact on people."

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BY CALEB KUBRIN

During happier times with dime-piece wives: Kobe Bryant beams with future ex-wife Vanessa back in 2004; opposite page, Deion Sanders mugs with then-spouse Pilar in 2008.

INFIDELITY CHAMPS

KOBE BRYANT

Jessica Burciaga

PHOTOS THIS PAGE COURTESY WIREIMAGE

WHY ARE STAR ATHLETES SO WILLING TO FOLLOW THEIR DICKS INTO A MEAT GRINDER?

Kobe Bryant and Deion Sanders—two gifted athletes who've reigned supreme over their respective sports—boasted the arm candy that inevitably comes with stardom.

Vanessa Laine was a 17-year-old backup dancer when she met Bryant in 1999. Six months later the lovebirds announced their engagement, but Vanessa had to wait until April 18, 2001, to hit the jackpot. That's the day she married the Los Angeles Laker destined for a string of multimillion-dollar contracts.

When Bryant faced sexual assault charges in Colorado during the summer of 2003, a $4-million purple-diamond apology ring kept the "happy" couple together—but not "till death do us part." Vanessa, who gave birth to the couple's two daughters, filed for divorce in late 2011. Not surprisingly, she cited "irreconcilable differences," a legalese euphemism for "Kobe has been fucking around with other bitches."

Playboy model Jessica Burciaga is reportedly one of the "other bitches." Let the record show that Burciaga has been linked to other big-time athletes, including boxer Floyd Mayweather Jr., NFL linebacker Shawne Merriman and Miles Austin (a Dallas Cowboys receiver and Kim Kardashian ex-boy toy). It seems that Kim never has more than a few degrees of separation between herself and situations like these. Her best friend, Carla DiBello, is said to have been a long-time Kobe side dish.

In Touch Weekly recently reported that Kim and Kobe have had "a long history of flirting and sexual tension." Picture two rich dogs in heat. But because the gypsy queen wasn't willing to fuck around with a married man, she purportedly set Kobe up with her socialite BFF. Like Burciaga, DiBello is rumored to have been involved with athletes prior to Bryant, most notably the Boston Celtics' Kevin Garnett.

Before tying the knot, Kobe's puppy love naïveté kept him from putting together a prenuptial agreement. That

PHOTO COURTESY GETTY IMAGES

DEION SANDERS

PHOTO COURTESY CLINTON WALLACE/ GLOBE PHOTOS/ZUMAPRESS.COM

Carla DiBello

shortsighted decision will end up costing the five-time NBA champion as much as $150 million, according to multiple sources. (They include rapper Drake, who added the now-infamous lyric "Bitch you wasn't with me shooting in the gym" on the song "Stay Schemin'" by Rick Ross.) There are reported estimates that Bryant cheated on Vanessa with 150 women over the course of their ten-year marriage. Let's hope each paramour gave him $1 million worth of pleasure for his impending financial pain.

If Kobe Bryant's indiscretion was stupid, then what Deion Sanders allegedly did was idiotic. Now an NFL Hall of Famer and network analyst, the former two-sport standout known as "Prime Time" reportedly cheated on his second wife, Pilar, with a 19-year-old Twitter model. (Yes, that's an occupation now.) To make matters worse, Sanders—according to various accounts—was set up with this lovely lady through Adam "Pacman" Jones, the notorious NFL cornerback whose rap sheet is more impressive than his career statistics.

To fully understand the legend that is Pacman Jones, it's important to recognize that this is a dude who made it rain money at a Las Vegas strip club one night then went apeshit when the hardworking ladies attempted to scoop up his cash. Jones allegedly slammed a dancer's head against the stage when he felt she was taking greenbacks without his permission. The situation got worse when a promoter connected with the club tried to leave the premises with more than $80,000—most of it belonging to Jones and washed-up rapper Nelly.

This bold move prompted someone in Jones's sizable entourage to brandish a gun, which he proceeded to fire into a crowd outside the establishment. A security guard was hit twice, and a patron ended up paralyzed from the waist down. Although Jones was never convicted of a crime related to the incident, he reportedly paid $15,000 to other people involved, presumably to keep them quiet. Does that sound like someone you'd want to play Cupid?

According to MediaTakeout.com, Jones met a woman named Aleea Lee via Twitter and, for reasons unknown, tried to pawn her off on Sanders instead of personally enjoying the fruits of his social-media flirting. The text exchange between Jones and Lee is a lesson in modern matchmaking:

Jones: "Whatzup baby girl my dude Deion wants the number hit me back."

Lee: "Who is Deion."

Jones: "Deion Sander [sic] lol keep this between us please."

Lee: "I dnt know who that is lol u acting like he a terrorist or something."

Jones: "No baby lol u funny ass hello u don't [know] who Deion sanders is lol"

(continued on page 87)

GETTING WET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

ANA FOXXX

Ana Foxxx doesn't hide her ambitions. "I want to be a top model in the industry for a long time," she vows. "My goal is to win multiple awards, become a household name and bring something new to the table."

A former runway model, Ana recently started posing minus her fashionable attire. Thus far, her new line of work feels like a perfect fit. "I'm a very sexual person," the self-confident beauty asserts, "so I don't have any problem getting naked."

To illuminate her carnal side, Ana shares her wildest sexual fantasy: "I think about it whenever I'm on the subway. I imagine I'm on a train with one other person, a total stranger—this tall, hot guy. We communicate only with eye contact and body language, but it's obvious we're on the same page. I imagine following him off the train, getting a motel room and fucking like crazy. All without a single word spoken."

When it comes to dudes, Ana is turned on by macho guys who possess just the right amount of swagger. "I'm attracted to confidence, not cockiness," she explains. "Masculinity is what draws me to a guy."

In her spare time, **Ana** likes aquatic fun. But the avid swimmer also enjoys drawing, reading poetry books and listening to her favorite musician, the socially conscious rapper Immortal Technique. When she can squeeze in a flick, **Ana** gravitates to dramatic fare like *Law Abiding Citizen* (starring Jamie Foxx, no relation).

Most likely, this is your first look at breathtaking **Ana Foxxx**, but we doubt it'll be your last.

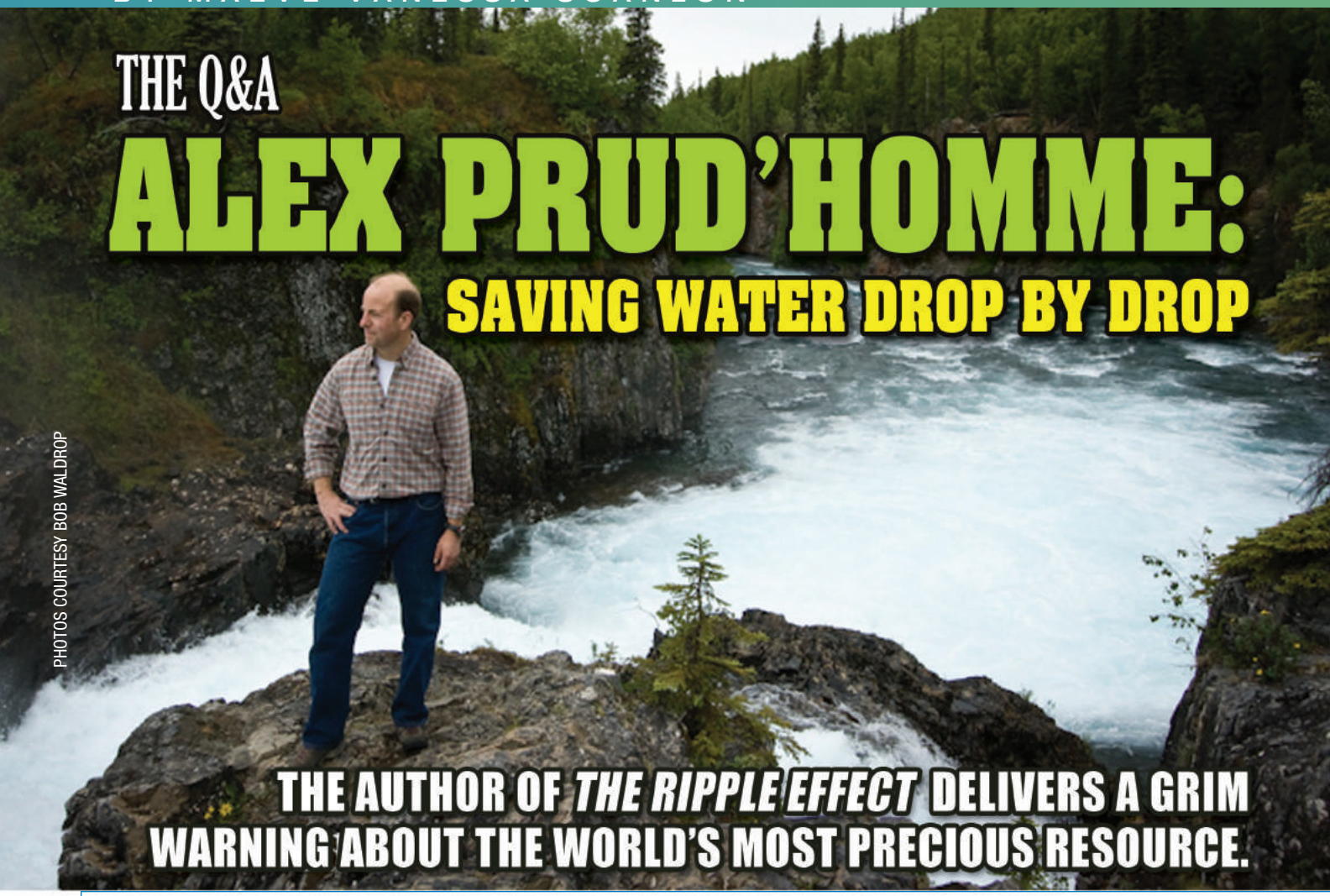
ANA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Rialto, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 125

BY MAEVE VANESSA SCANLON

THE Q&A

ALEX PRUD'HOMME:

SAVING WATER DROP BY DROP



PHOTOS COURTESY BOB WALDROP

THE AUTHOR OF *THE RIPPLE EFFECT* DELIVERS A GRIM WARNING ABOUT THE WORLD'S MOST PRECIOUS RESOURCE.

At a time when we are concerned about the diminishing reserves of petroleum and other fossil fuels, Alex Prud'homme's book *The Ripple Effect: The Fate of Fresh Water in the Twenty-First Century* sheds light on a natural resource that is becoming equally as scarce. In the following exclusive interview, Prud'homme discusses the depletion of our water supply, the potential for worldwide "water wars" and how we can all reduce our own ripple effect.

HUSTLER: First and foremost, what is the "ripple effect"?

ALEX PRUD'HOMME: This is essentially a series of consequences that impact water supply in ways most of us don't understand. Sometimes those ripples are unintentional effects. Even the simplest things like washing your hands, watering your lawn or powering up your computer can have great ramifications that we're not aware of. If you wash your hands with antibacterial soap, a chemical in there can survive the treatment process and get into waterways and can negatively impact fish. Same with herbicides that we use on our lawns to get rid of dandelions. There's a substance [in herbicides] that inhibits the fishes' ability to ward off disease. It may even be causing "intersex," meaning that male bass fish are developing eggs through their testes.

That's science fiction stuff.

It's really spooky. I was down in Chesapeake Bay, near Washington, D.C., studying this with scientists. It's really troubling because it turns out that the endocrine system in fish is very similar to that in humans.

Humans can be affected by these substances in the same way as fish?

Scientists are very concerned. There's the potential that it could be turning humans into intersexes at some point in the future. That's one set of ripple effects [just from] washing our hands or spraying our lawns to keep the weeds away.

[Editor's Note: Pharmaceutical companies, hospitals and consumers have legally released into this country's drinking water more than 271 million pounds of drugs and chemicals, including lithium, nitroglycerin, copper, antibiotics, anticonvulsants, mood stabilizers and sex hormones. At least 51 million Americans are drinking pharmaceutical-tainted water, and the federal government has chosen to turn a blind eye to this.]

You claim that using electrical power, like turning on a computer, can have a similar ripple effect.

That confuses a lot of people. When you leave a light on, you're using up a lot of energy. Whether it's nuclear or ethanol or solar or coal or gas, all of those power sources require lots of water. Every energy source has to run on industrial works or giant cooling towers or processing plants of some sort. Not only do they use lots of water in these processes, but they have to dispose of their waste. Often, this seeps into the water supply. We don't really think about the impact that getting energy to our homes has on the water supply, so we never connect those dots. But power is a huge water user.

It's a strange dot to connect.

I started looking at this all across the country and started noticing this pattern. There are so many pressures on our limited water supplies—population, climate change, shifting diets, shifting demographics, all these new ways of using water—that we can no

longer afford the luxury of being ignorant. We can no longer stick our heads in the sand and say, "Well, we don't know the impacts." Now we *do* know the impacts, and we have to start paying attention to this and start thinking about water in a new way and value it as a limited resource.

You point out in *The Ripple Effect* that this is becoming a global issue, but you did most of your research in the United States, right?

It's already a global issue. I focused on the United States because any story that is local is global now. The pollutants that I found were basically in my backyard in Brooklyn, so I wrote about a giant oil spill that has been leaking into Brooklyn—right in the middle of New York, right in the middle of the most densely populated city in North America.

The Greenpoint oil spill has been leaking millions of gallons of crude oil from processing plants into the Newtown Creek over several decades. For over a century only very few people actually knew about it, and, until Deepwater Horizon [the BP oil rig responsible for the 2010 Gulf of Mexico disaster], it was the largest oil spill in North America. It was even bigger than the [1989] *Exxon Valdez* spill, and only part of the spill has been cleaned up since the 1970s. I was shocked to find this.

Have the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the Clean Water Act helped with water protection?

It's been 40 years since the creation of the Clean Water Act, and nothing—or at least nothing more—has been done in terms of this problem. We signed a lot of these rules and regulations in the early 1970s, and—in our typical American way—we said, "Great! Okay, that's done!"

The EPA and Clean Water Act were really good for their time, but that was almost 40 years ago. The world has changed, but [the laws] haven't, and that's a problem. The focus has shifted [in the government], so even the regulations that are good aren't necessarily being enforced as they should be. This was one of the things that I found most shocking once I started looking at this situation closely. Being humans, we don't do anything until we have hit a total crisis. But when it comes to water, if you wait for the crisis, we aren't going to be here anymore. We can't wait.

Why has the EPA been so ineffective?

The EPA itself has been under fire for a number of years. Its budget has been cut, and it has been highly politicized and highly criticized under everyone since Reagan—especially under the Bush Administration. In 2010, [President Barack] Obama gave the EPA its largest budget, but [recently] he's been forced to cut it back. And now people like Michele Bachmann and Newt Gingrich are attacking the EPA, saying it's a job-killing agency. The Republican Congress is attacking it also, trying to defund a lot of their antipollution programs and policies. As well intentioned as the Obama Administration has been on environmental issues in general, the EPA is having a tough time battling these lobbyists and Big Agriculture industries that don't want to spend money to put in pollution controls.

In your book you mention "water wars." What are they exactly?

Well, one thing I didn't realize is that in the United States we don't have just one set of water laws. The western water laws are based on the Spanish precedent, while the eastern water laws are based on the English precedent. And this has led to all sorts of interesting conflicts. Within that context, some states have their own individual laws and regulations that are unique to just that individual state.

It's leading to conflicts between neighbors, not just countries, especially in Texas, which has faced such a serious period of drought. In that state, the rights to minerals underground are different from the rights to the land above ground. Essentially, in states like that you can stick a straw into your neighbor's land and drain their water. It's perfectly legal. That has led to all sorts of tensions over the years.

You went to Texas and investigated this?

T. Boone Pickens is an oil and gas billionaire, and he told me when I went to visit him in Dallas that "the hydrocarbon era is over! Water is the new oil!" Here's a guy who's made billions on natural resources, and he understands very well how these things work. He's focused on water right now. Water can be piped from [aquifers in North America], and then sold to the highest bidder. So he may end up making another billion on water! (*Laughs.*)

But these "water wars" aren't just developing in the United States. These controversies over water are global too. Look at China, which has the worst water pollution in the world. Look at the Koreas. The North Koreans have periodically released huge amounts of [polluted] water, which has surged right down a river into South Korea,

(continued on page 151)

"Being humans, we don't do anything until we have hit a total crisis. But when it comes to water, if you wait for the crisis, we aren't going to be here anymore. We can't wait."

TIMELESS BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

NICOLE ANISTON

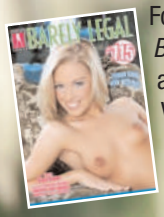
Nicole Aniston thinks she was born too soon. "I wish I could have been around between the years 1950 and 1960," the 24-year-old declares. "Life was simpler and cleaner back then. Fashion and entertainment were much more conservative, but that doesn't bother me."

This nostalgia is partially fueled by a longing for a world that isn't ruled by technology. "There were a lot of amazing inventions in the 1950s," **Nicole** observes, "but it seemed like people appreciated them more. Now we're always onto the next thing, and we take most of these technological advances for granted."

Despite being unhappily stuck in the present, **Nicole** tries to make the most out of her life. "I'm passionate about a lot of things," the cerebral beauty reveals. "Art, the outdoors, my friends and family. In a lot of ways, I'm a real homebody. My idea of a great date is take-out food and a six-pack of beer."

Meanwhile, **Nicole** enjoys the collaborative aspect of working in the adult industry. She tries very hard to develop a solid rapport with the directors and photographers who hire her. Sometimes, though, she can get a little carried away.

"My most memorable sexual experience to date actually happened when I was on set," **Nicole** discloses. "It was with my favorite male actor. We hadn't worked together or seen each other in over a year when we shot this scene. It was awesome; we shared the most intense connection. As cheesy as it may seem, I felt like the 20 other people in the room weren't even there."



For more Nicole Aniston, we recommend *Barely Legal #115*, *This Ain't The Smurfs XXX* and *This Ain't Fox News XXX* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

NICOLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Temecula, California | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 130

HUSTLER

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Out in the boonies, a deputy sheriff pulled over a scruffy fella on a Harley for traveling faster than the posted speed limit. As is customary, the speeder was asked to identify himself. "Fred," he grunted.

"Fred what?" the deputy huffed.

"Just Fred," the motorcyclist responded. "I lost my last name."

The lawman thought he had a nutcase on his hands but played along. "Tell me, Fred, how did you lose your last name?"

The Harley dude replied, "It's a long story, so stay with me. I was born Fred Johnson. I studied hard and got good grades. When I got older, I realized that I wanted to be a doctor. I went through college and medical school, did my internship and residency and began my career as Fred Johnson, M.D. After a while I got bored being a doctor, so I decided to go back to school. Dentistry was my dream! When I got that degree, I became Fred Johnson, M.D., D.D.S. But lo and behold, I got bored fixing teeth, so I started fooling around with my gorgeous assistant, who gave me a venereal disease."

The pulled-over cyclist continued, "So then I was Fred Johnson, M.D., D.D.S., with VD. Well, the ADA found out about the VD, so they took away my D.D.S. Then the AMA found out about the ADA taking away my D.D.S. because of the VD, so they took away my M.D., leaving me as Fred Johnson with VD. Then the fuckin' VD took away my Johnson, so now I'm just Fred."

Question: Why did the rubber go flying across the bedroom?

Answer: It got pissed off.

The protective cup, which safeguards an athlete's dick and testicles, was first used in ice hockey in the late 1870s. But it wasn't until 1979 that the National Hockey League, whose championship trophy is the much larger and more impact-resistant Stanley Cup, mandated that all players wear helmets. That means it only took around a hundred years for some men to realize that their brains were also worth protecting.

Ian and Marie went to Holland on vacation, intending to bicycle around the small country. The young English couple's first night was spent smoking fine Dutch weed at a coffeehouse in Amsterdam. While getting stoned, they tried to plan the rest of their trip. Perplexed by the strange city names on a map, Ian asked his oversexed sweetheart, "Can you tell how far it is between Assen and Ballum?"

Marie looked up at Ian and winked. "Don't worry, luv," she cooed. "'Taint far."

Conrad and Brendan were discussing the economy while guzzling beers at a neighborhood bar. "I'm sick of watching my stocks plummet," Conrad whined. "I'm gonna pull all my money out if I can't find something that won't go down."

"Hell, that's easy!" Brendan exclaimed. "Just give it to my wife!"

Question: What did the sign on the door of the whorehouse say?

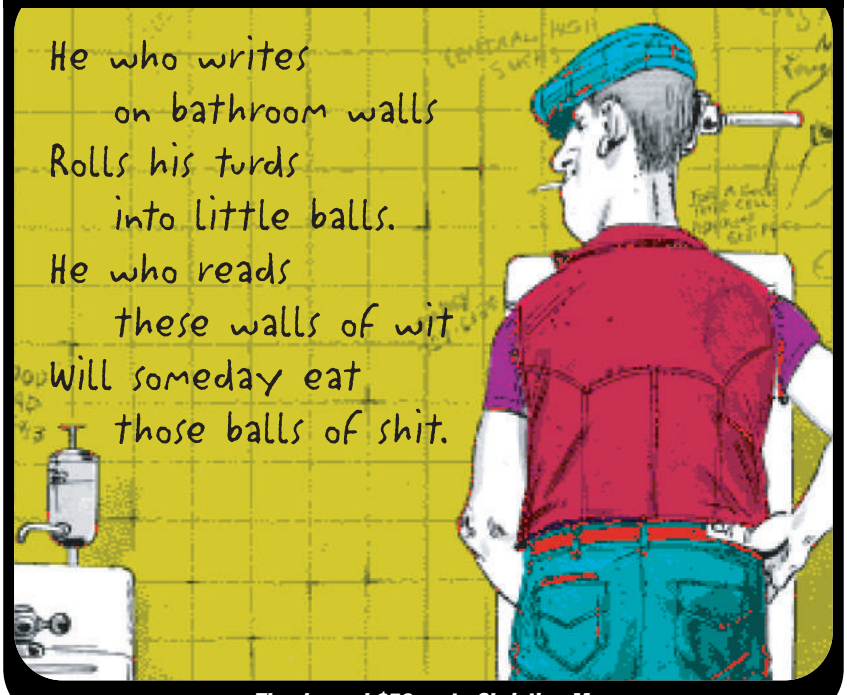
Answer: We're closed, so beat it!

A baby boy with a rare congenital defect was born with no eyelids, necessitating emergency surgery. A few hours later a doctor told the worried mother, "I used the foreskin from his circumcision to construct two new eyelids."

"Will my baby be okay?" the new mom asked.

"He's recovering nicely," the doctor assured her. "But I'm sorry to say that your son will always be a little cockeyed."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Christina M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Other men invent the club…the wheel…but you invent ticklers, dildos, love lube, porno pictures…"

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

A day in the life . . .

JENNA PRESLEY

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE LUBE!

Like a lot of teenage girls, when Jenna Presley was in high school, the Southern California native had serious issues with her self-image. Thinking she was too heavy, Jenna obsessed about her weight so much that she ended up with anorexia. Thanks to psychological counseling, along with the support of her family, Jenna was eventually able to put the eating disorder behind her…until she ventured into the porn business.

Jenna had been working in the adult industry for only a few weeks when a producer told the then-19-year-old that she looked a little "chunky" on camera. He issued an ultimatum: If Jenna wanted to continue banging strangers for fun and profit, she'd have to shed some weight—quickly! Horrified at the prospect of losing her sole source of income, the porn starlet had a co-worker hook her up with a quick fix—cocaine. Off came the pounds. Problem solved. New problem created.

Now that her psychological-insecurity buttons had been pushed again, Jenna feared the dreaded extra pounds would eventually return. So she decided to keep on doing coke to suppress her appetite. Not surprisingly, things soon got fuzzy in the judgment department.

Jenna began supplementing the coke with pills. (A girl has to sleep!) Then, to get through the irrational emotional highs and lows, she added booze to the mix. As her drug use snowballed, Jenna became so high from so

BUSTY BEAUTIES: THE A LIST, PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

many combinations of substances that she was walking through life in a zombie-like state—with serious thoughts of suicide. The girl was on a path to self-destruction.

That's when Jesus stepped into the picture. And when I say Jesus, I'm not referring to a handsome Hispanic boyfriend. I'm talking about the one-and-only Jesus H. Christ, the Lord and Savior, who—according to the sinner in question—swooped down from heaven to personally save the tortured soul of one Jenna Presley from the evils of drugs and pornography.

Here's how this heavenly body got pulled from the devil's clutches. When Jenna fought her second battle with anorexia, she again reached out to her family for help. They were immediately there for her—parents, siblings, even her grandmother, who insisted Jenna move in with her while she struggled with her addictions.

Accepting Grandma's offer, Jenna quit porn. Drug counseling and Alcoholics Anonymous meetings followed. "I was doing all these things, trying to be good," she recalls, "but I honestly still wanted to use. I knew it was only a matter of time."

Here's where the story gets even cornier. No, ridiculous. One day, a friend of the family sat Jenna down with a Bible. As soon as they started reading scripture together, in Jenna's words, "I felt a tingling. Something was going on inside me like I never had felt before." Which, if you think about it, is an extraordinary statement for a gal who is accustomed to having quite a bit going on inside her.

Soon after her biblical "tingling," Jenna started going to church and later got baptized. From the moment she hit the water, she "felt the devil let go of me." When Jenna got up in front of the congregation, she started to speak in a strange lingo: "words that I had never heard before—tongues, God's language."

Praise Jesus! Jenna Presley was saved. The Good Book, some holy water and a bunch of holy rollers did what AA and a bunch of trained counselors could not do—keep Jenna away from the devil's temptations of drugs and drink.

Jenna herself realizes it's a preposterous story. "I know people are skeptical," she admits. "It sounds amazing that something as simple as letting God into your heart could change your life, but for me, it really happened. Now I just want to serve Him." Once again, problem solved. New problem created.

After J.C. lifted Jenna spiritually and morally from the depths of depravity, in His infinite wisdom, He decided to return her to the very line of work that nearly caused her downfall—but this time, pray tell, with an odd twist: Doing sex scenes for XXX videos would be God's work.

Although Jenna was heading back to the exact environment that had caused her to nearly kill herself, she was now

THIS AIN'T TWO AND A HALF MEN XXX (LEFT) AND *BUSTY BEAUTIES: THE A LIST*, PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

convinced the power of Jesus Christ would save her from temptation. "I decided to go back into the business to make enough money to do good work in the Lord's name," Jenna explains. "The money I'm making is amazing."

"Why are you so certain it will be different this time?" I ask.

"Because now I attract positive people who don't do drugs," Jenna replies with a sunny smile. "I used to think that I was surrounded by nothing but bad people. I had been falling into the devil's ways since I got into porn. He was whispering to me, but no more. Now I've found a lot of people who aren't all bad."

It all sounds like a nutty *700 Club* testimonial, but for the moment, Jenna is practicing what she preaches and attempting to live her life both as an onscreen jezebel and an offscreen Christian soldier. When Jenna isn't in front of the camera screwing and sucking for Jesus, she's a genuinely tireless community volunteer for a variety of worthy causes.

"When people quote the Bible to me and say I'm a sinner, they're not quoting God's words. They're quoting mortals' words. I don't feel in my heart that I'm a sinner."

During my day with Sister Jenna, I tag along to a Los Angeles animal shelter. The born-again porn star regularly drops by to clean up, answer phones, work behind the reception desk and, of course, shower the homeless critters with affection.

"I love all animals," she tells me. "It breaks my heart when these helpless creatures get abandoned. Sometimes they come into the shelter ill-tempered because they were so abused, but it's amazing what a little patience and love can do for them."

Jenna heads to her next volunteer job at Senior Buddies, an organization that provides companionship for the elderly. Jenna's assignment is to have lunch at a local deli with several seniors (all guys). As she smiles, flirts and engages them in conversation, I am struck by how happy everyone seems. Not just the men, who no doubt are mentally filling their Viagra prescriptions as they take in Jenna's voluptuous body, but Ms. Presley as well. Like at the animal shelter, she's putting out maximum effort and beaming

PHOTOS THIS PAGE FROM *BUSTY BEAUTIES: THE A LIST*, COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

with satisfaction as she does it.

Then it's time for a field trip. Jenna accompanies a bunch of oldsters to the Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum, where she spends two hours "oohing and ahhing" at stage coaches, pistols and vintage pots and pans, as well as offering physical assistance to anyone in the group who needs it.

The only time all day that she takes a moment for herself is when she ambles away for a brief peek at a special exhibit. It's the last thing you'd expect to find at a shrine dedicated to Gene Autry—that is, until you remember that his nickname was "The Singing Cowboy." The exhibit is titled "Michael Jackson: How the West Was Worn."

Jackson's music has special meaning for Jenna, she informs me later. On weekends when Jenna was 16, she used to sneak across the border from her Chula Vista, California, home to dance at a Mexican strip joint, where she'd take off her clothes to a medley of Jackson's tunes.

Clearly, Jenna used to be a very bad girl. She was an underage teenage stripper then a college dropout and an exotic dancer who, in her words, "enjoyed being superpromiscuous. I had never been so horny in my life—fucking at least six times a week. Sometimes I had booty calls several times a day." Then came porn and drugs—a substance-fueled life devoted to sinning 24/7.

The drugs are gone, and the sinning is supposedly only in the name of the Lord. But if you read your Good Book, it states that sex outside of marriage is flat-out wrong. There's no clause allowing you to participate in XXX-rated double penetrations, girl-on-girl scenes or gang-bangs in His name. If you're not married, you're supposed to abstain from sex altogether. End of story.

Jenna, having heard all the sinner arguments, remains undeterred. "Mary Magdalene was a well-known prostitute, and Jesus was her good friend," she states defiantly. "When people quote the Bible to me and say I'm a sinner, they're not quoting God's words. They're quoting mortals' words. I don't feel in my heart that I'm a sinner."

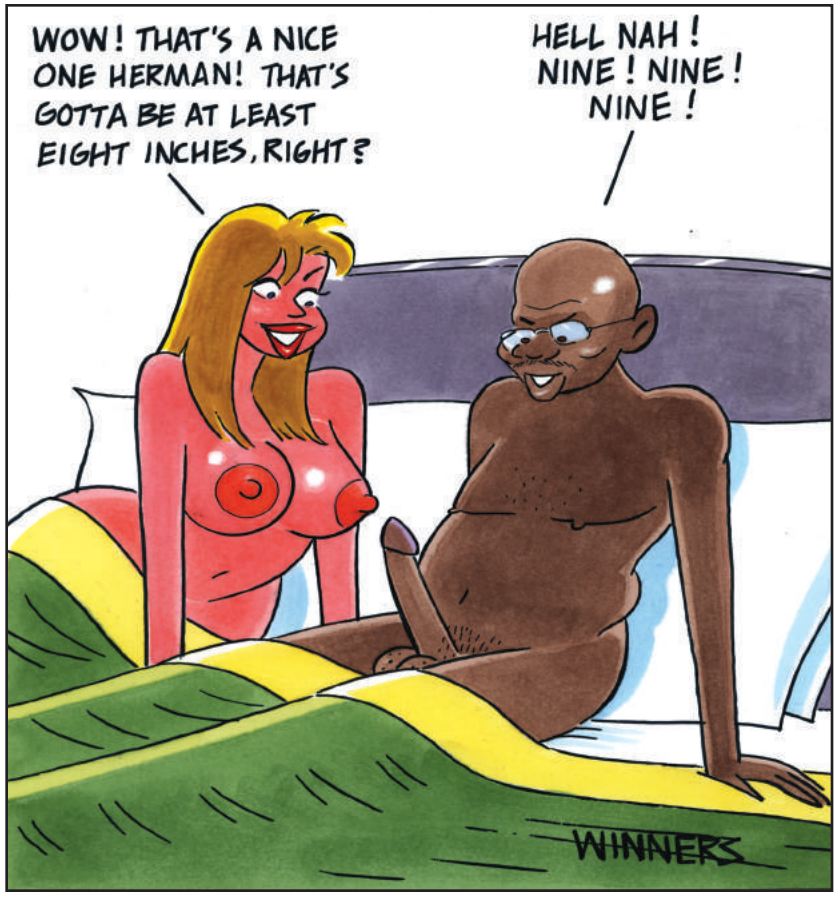
I am about to point out that Jenna is using her interpretation of the Bible to justify her behavior. With a limited education in a tough job market, she rejoined a rough business. Jesus didn't ask her to have sex to raise cash for good works. She is rationalizing her sins because she has to pay her bills.

But I refrain from saying anything. Jenna Presley is so damn nice, so happy and so tranquil, it makes me think that maybe I'm the one being close-minded. After all, her belief in Jesus actually did help end her substance abuse and convert her into a serious community do-gooder. And it gave her genuine inner peace.

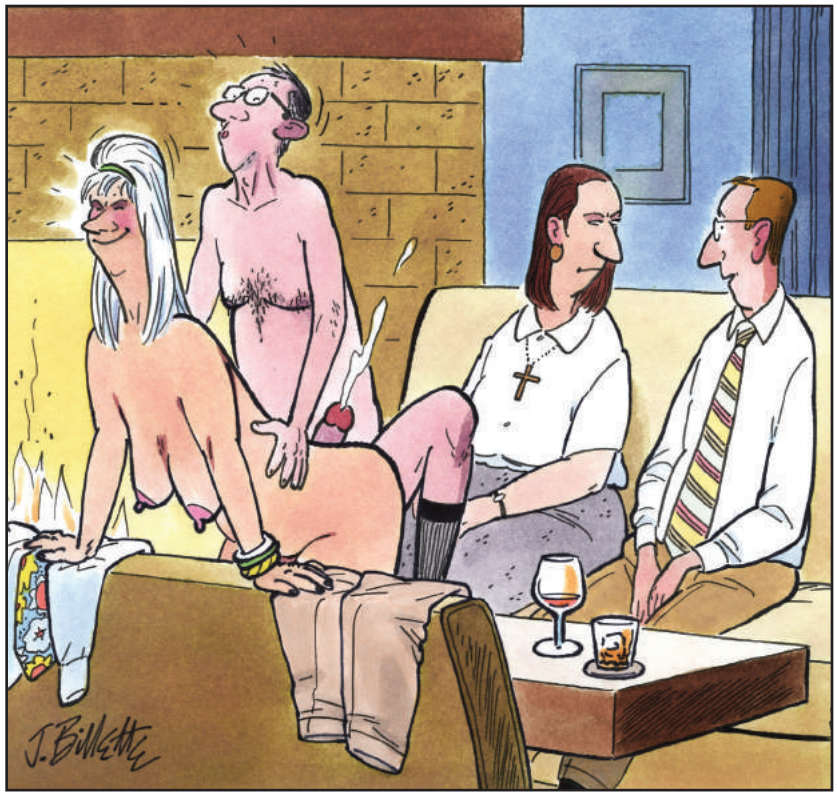
Even though the thick-headed, self-righteous moralizing of scripture has caused centuries of misery, it's hard to deny that in this particular case, religion actually appears to have done some good. As Jenna herself points out, "In the Bible, it says you're not supposed to judge. But if people judge me anyway, I don't mind. Only God decides who to let into heaven."

Praise Jesus! If Jenna Presley is correct, one day God's going to find a helluva nice believer with a rockin' body at the Pearly Gates.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



Now we know how Herman Cain came up with his "nine-nine-nine" bullshit.



"I'm just saying, it might be fun to be as spontaneous as the Pattersons."

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(continued from page 57)

An athlete cheating on his spouse is far from breaking news. However, the Bryant and Sanders cases are noteworthy not only because they are titans in the sports world but also for the simple fact that both of their wives are of the "dime piece" variety. Pilar Biggers, who married Sanders in 1999, was a successful print and runway model before landing roles on such TV series as *The Jamie Foxx Show*, *Veronica's Closet* and *Walker, Texas Ranger*.

So why are Bryant and Sanders—not to mention a plethora of other married jocks—tempted to stray? Professional athletes have groupie pussy thrown in their faces on a regular basis, and they travel frequently—leaving their wives or girlfriends at home. If you're a well-known athlete who has any doubts about your ability to reject said golden opportunities, stay single. And if you do decide to get hitched, draw up a prenup.

Bryant and Sanders played the field all wrong. Look no further than Derek Jeter and the late Wilt Chamberlain for examples of athletes who did it right.

Chamberlain claimed he slept with 20,000 women thanks to his fame as a 7-foot-1 NBA center from 1959 to 1973. However, "Wilt the Stilt" is free from criticism for his delightful dalliances because he never put a wedding ring on anyone.

A more contemporary example is Derek Jeter, who has dated celebrities like Jessica Alba and Minka Kelly in addition to his reputed stable of groupies. Throughout his stellar career, the New York Yankees shortstop has maintained a golden boy image because—while he's seemingly fucked more broads per borough than anyone in Big Apple history—he's stayed single. The only knock on Jeter—apart from the rumor he passed herpes along to Alba—is the recent *New York Post* revelation that he provides each of his sexual conquests with the same "goodbye" gift basket. The reason this ploy came to light is that Jeter gave his customary assortment of autographed memorabilia to a lady twice—not remembering that she was a repeat date.

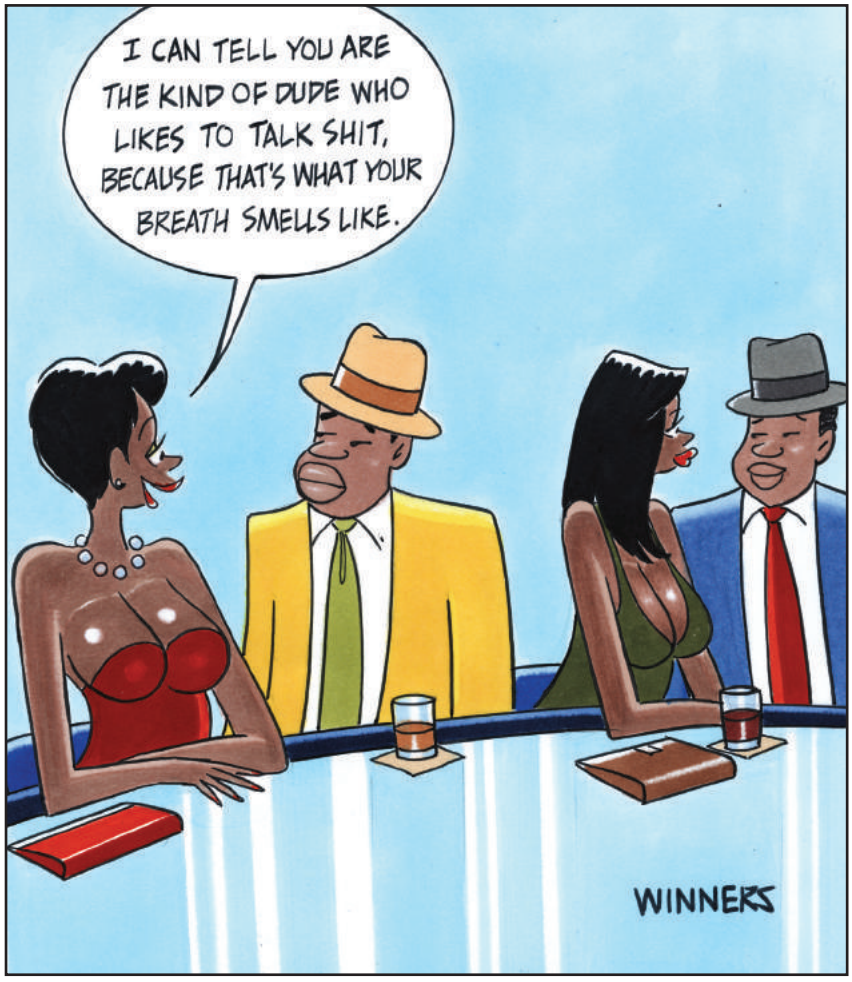
ESPN the Magazine runs an eponymous feature called "Player X." In a recent installment, an anonymous NBA player addressed the issue of infidelity among his professional-athlete brethren. While the printed version was tame, Deadspin.com unearthed a copy of an unedited draft, and the firsthand perspective is quite revealing.

Besides obvious advice like "sign that motherf- pre-nup [sic]," the author offered a revolutionary idea to save marriages that tend to be destroyed by a pro's demanding travel schedule and related sexual needs: "Here's what I'm saying, ladies: Do you want a husband who cheats and then you get divorced anyway? I say, get it out in the open. Acknowledge it. Let your man experience someone else."

If you think that Player X is being unrealistic, he really goes out on a limb with this startling suggestion: "And just so you don't think I'm a chauvinist: Guys, let your wives play too. Watch her get pounded. See how that makes you feel about her. Maybe you'll learn some lessons, make some changes. Maybe your relationship will be stronger for it."

That might work…at least until the shelf life of the trophy wife expires, and a younger and hotter replacement comes around.

Caleb Kubrin is a freelance journalist based in San Francisco. The avid sports fan has reported on Bay Area teams and written stories of national interest for BleacherReport.com and other Web sites.



Terry '12
YOU HAD ME AT "LET ME SUCK YOUR COCK WHILE MY COUSIN FROM CATHOLIC SCHOOL TONGUE-FUCKS MY ASSHOLE AND YOU PLAY WITH HER PUSSY."

Bringing music to the people: (left to right) Chickenfoot's Michael Anthony, Kenny Aronoff, Sammy Hagar and Joe Satriani.

PHOTO BY DAVE KAPP

CHICKENFOOT

THIRD TIME'S A CHARM

There are supergroups, and then there's Chickenfoot, the powerhouse outfit boasting Sammy Hagar, Michael Anthony, Joe Satriani and Kenny Aronoff, who replaced Chad Smith as drummer. We met the star rockers backstage somewhere in Los Angeles to discuss *Chickenfoot III* (the band's second CD), rocking in 3D and groupies now and then.

HUSTLER: Your debut CD came together really quickly. How long did it take for you guys to finish *Chickenfoot III*?

Sammy Hagar: The basic writing and recording of it went real quick in like a week.

Michael Anthony: Some of the ideas for songs were kicking around for a while.

Sammy: Joe [Satriani] would send a bunch of musical ideas. I would listen and think, *I can sing to that instantly*. I like things I can immediately sing to. All the ideas for the songs on this album came quick, but then I really got stumped writing the lyrics. I don't know why. I had just finished my book [*Red: My Uncensored Life in Rock*] and was about to do a book tour. I didn't want to go in the studio right then, but Chad [Smith] had a limited window of opportunity because the new Red Hot Chili Peppers CD was about to come out. We wanted to make a record with the same band. I forced myself to go do it, and I really wasn't lyrically prepared. I went in cold with these guys, and I fell behind.

Michael: It was really crazy because we would be working up stuff before Sammy got to the studio, and the music was really flowing out.

Sammy: By the time I got there, they were done recording the songs. But it took me four months to finish the lyrics and vocals.

One of the things that jumps out on the new CD is Mike singing his ass off. The harmonies are amazing.

Michael: It only took 30 years to get there, but I'm finally there. Sammy and I have a very signature vocal sound from when we were in Van Halen together. We wanted to really explore that and bring it more to the front rather than have these nice little background vocals floating around. We wanted to have a two-part lead-vocal harmony thing. As we listened to the music, we heard all kinds of places where great background vocals could go. I knew we were going to be able to do a lot with this record.

Sammy: We really brought the vocals out. Don't know what took us so long. It had always been me singing lead and Mike in the background. Now we've made two-part-harmony songs. We did that intentionally. You hear Mike's voice as a real singer, not a background singer. And he's also playing the crap out of the bass, which is something that never happened on a Van Halen record.

Why did you title your second album *Chickenfoot III*?

Michael: It was so good, we skipped right over [the number] two.

Joe Satriani: Originally, Sammy and Mike said it was going to be called *IV*.

Michael: That was the start.

Sammy: We whittled it down to *III*. We said, "It ain't that good. The fourth album has gotta be amazing."

What will you call Chickenfoot's third CD?

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

MARY J. BLIGE
My Life II…The Journey Continues (Act I)

The undisputed "Queen of Hip-Hop Soul" sangs (no typo there!) her ass off on this sequel to her breakthrough album. Unlike its predecessor, *My Life II* finds Blige in an upbeat and happy mood as she unleashes perfect R&B originals and a solid cover of "Ain't Nobody."

BAD COMPANY
Live at Wembley

Paul Rodgers is one of rock's most recognized and enduring voices. Simon Kirke is a drummer of legendary proportions. Mick Ralphs is an underrated guitar god. Together as Bad Company, they defined all that is right in classic rock. This CD (also available as a DVD) captures the band's energy and genius as it rocks a sold-out crowd during a recent reunion at England's hallowed sports stadium.

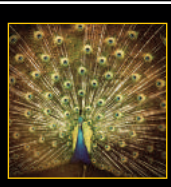
PATRICE O'NEAL
Mr. P

Every couple of years, ready to change the game, a distinctive voice emerges in the world of stand-up comedy. Patrice O'Neal was that voice. Sadly, before he had a chance to break wide open, his life was tragically cut short at age 41. This posthumous disc captures the cutting-edge comic riffing on everything from "Side Pussy" to the "TSA."

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Let Us In—Nashville: A Tribute to Linda McCartney

A stellar collection of country and rock music's brightest performers (including SHeDAISY, Timothy B. Schmit and actor Jeff Daniels) pays tribute to the late wife of Paul McCartney. They turn out 16 Nashville-styled covers of tracks from every era of Paul's career—Beatles, Wings and solo.

ANI DIFRANCO
¿Which Side Are You On?



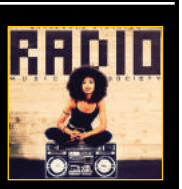
After a three-year hiatus, the original angry female folksinger breaks out a brand-new collection of originals alongside a fully modern reworked version of the Pete Seeger protest song. Seeger himself, Ivan and Cyril Neville and Anaïs Mitchell join in the jam.

THE CURE
Bestival Live 2011

This two-CD set features Robert Smith and his mopey band (now reduced to a quartet) playing stripped-down and sometimes rather sparse versions of goth-rock tracks. While some sound thin, it's nice to hear these classic songs reworked. And hey, all proceeds from the CD go to charity.

DOZEN

ESPERANZA SPALDING
Radio Music Society

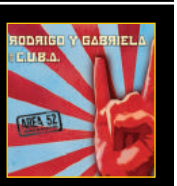


The Grammy Award-winning (Best New Artist) vocalist/bassist returns doing what she does best, blending smoky jazz vocals with groovy bass lines and a dash of old-school hip-hop attitude. Spalding's latest CD finds a truly talented artist poised to draw an even wider audience.

NILS LOFGREN
Old School

In his "day job" as part of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band, it's easy for guitarist Nils Lofgren to get overlooked. After all, he's sharing the stage with the Boss and Little Steven. On this solo turn, Lofgren gets to step out in front on a collection of soulful, bluesy rock with guest vocalists Sam Moore (Sam & Dave), Lou Gramm (Foreigner) and Paul Rodgers (Bad Company).

RODRIGO Y GABRIELA AND C.U.B.A.
Area 52

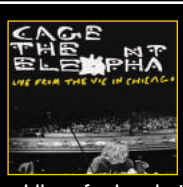


In the summer of 2010, Mexican guitar *wunderkinds* Rodrigo Sánchez and Gabriela Quintero traveled to Cuba to take part in an extraordinary musical experiment. Teaming up with a world-class Cuban orchestra and collective of international musicians, they rerecorded some of the duo's most-loved songs with a dash of high-energy Latin rock flavor.

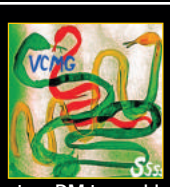
THE DARCYS
Aja

The concept is brilliant: Take a classic album, in this case Steely Dan's *Aja*, and cover it from start to finish. If done right, it will make you remember the magnificence of the original masterpiece while introducing you to your favorite new band—which, by the way, is the Darcys.

CAGE THE ELEPHANT
Live From the Vic in Chicago



The alt rock *it* boys of 2011 follow their breakthrough with a phenomenal CD, DVD and Blu-ray disc. *Live From the Vic* demonstrates the urgency, power and pure bliss of a band at the top of its game destroying (in a good way) an adoring theater audience. Tracks like the radio hit "Shake Me Down" fully evolve and explode anew.



VCMG
Ssss

In 1980, Vince Clarke and Martin Gore formed the legendary electronic band Depeche Mode. Clarke soon departed to start Yaz and Erasure, leaving Gore to steer DM to worldwide success. This long-awaited collaboration sees the pair reuniting for a minimal, industrial, instrumental Kraftwerk-inspired dance party.

Sammy: We might go straight to *VII*.

Michael: We'll do two or three more, then come back and do a prequel album called *II*.

Kenny Aronoff: They're lying! They actually put out *III* thinking it *was* the third record. They didn't even know it. When it came out, they thought, *We'd better make up some shit to cover our asses.* (*Laughs.*)

Sammy: We're a quirky band. We have fun when we get together. If we're not having fun, then what's the sense of this? We've joked that we may do a greatest-hits record and put songs from *Chickenfoot II* on it. The truth is, when we go in to make music, it's not a joke. That's why we have the confidence to make a joke like calling [our second album] *III*. When we strap it on and get onstage, we deliver serious music. Most bands with serious musicians take themselves *too* seriously.

There are some serious songs on the CD. Tell us about "Three and a Half Letters."

Sammy: Those letters in the song were based on real letters, but I thought it wasn't cool to use a letter that a real guy wrote and poured his heart out in. I took and edited parts of real letters and mixed scenarios together—like the part about Afghanistan and the guy who was moving his family back in with his wife's parents, whose home was in foreclosure. Those are real letters being read over real music. Spoken word is a hard thing to do. I've never really done it. Joe coached me. I was really feeling nervous about reading a letter, so we put this song off to record last. We cut it in four takes. What you hear is Chickenfoot live in the studio.

Michael: That wasn't something we really wanted to work up. We just poured the emotion out. If you listen to Joe's solo, which he did live, you can really feel the emotion.

Is Kenny Aronoff Chickenfoot's drummer for the long haul, or is Chad Smith waiting in the wings?

Sammy: For Chickenfoot, we don't make plans, and Kenny is working out great. Last night, our second show together, was one of the greatest shows Chickenfoot has ever done. If this thing keeps going, and it comes time to go back into the studio and Chad isn't available, then Kenny would be going forward.

Kenny: It's a big family right now. Chad e-mails me all the time, and I tell him to get fucked. (*Laughs.*) Then he e-mails Mike and tells *him* to get fucked. And he e-mails Joe.

Michael: Then we all tell Chad to get fucked. (*Laughs.*)

Kenny: Then we say we like him.

Sammy: Like "Three and a Half Letters," I could read three and a half texts from Chad. (*Laughs.*) He texts, "Come on you guys, why you mad at me?" (*Laughs.*)

Kenny: He's great and supercool.

Who came up with the 3D concept for the album cover. And, Joe, why do you look so lifeless?

Joe: I got to tell you, the day the picture was taken, I was really angry. I had been on tour for a couple of months, and the guys had the demos. I showed up for the first day of recording, and no one had listened to any of the music or anything. I get there, and my manager said, "There is going to be some 3D camera stuff there, but don't worry about it." For the next, like, six or seven hours, it's nothing *but* 3D cameras!

We only had Chad for six days at that point to record all of the tracks for the record, and I'm sitting there in this tiny room with a half-dozen guys with 3D cameras saying, "Come on, Joe!" I'm just pissed and staring them down. That's what you get in my 3D picture on the CD.

Sammy has mentioned that Chickenfoot doesn't make plans, but, if you *did*, what would you guys hope the future holds for the band?

Michael: In Van Halen, you always had these long-range plans of what you wanted to accomplish. With this band it's great because we're living for the moment. Obviously we want to go out and tour, but beyond that, it's great not to have all this pressure about what you have to do.

Sammy: With the economy, I feel guilty about going out on tour. We gotta promote the album or it goes in the toilet, but if the economy keeps getting worse, I don't wanna go out and ask people to pay money to see us. I feel guilty. We are a conscientious band. Our motive is to bring music to the people, make the best music on this planet and have fun. We don't need to get more rich and famous.

Does anybody have any good groupie stories?

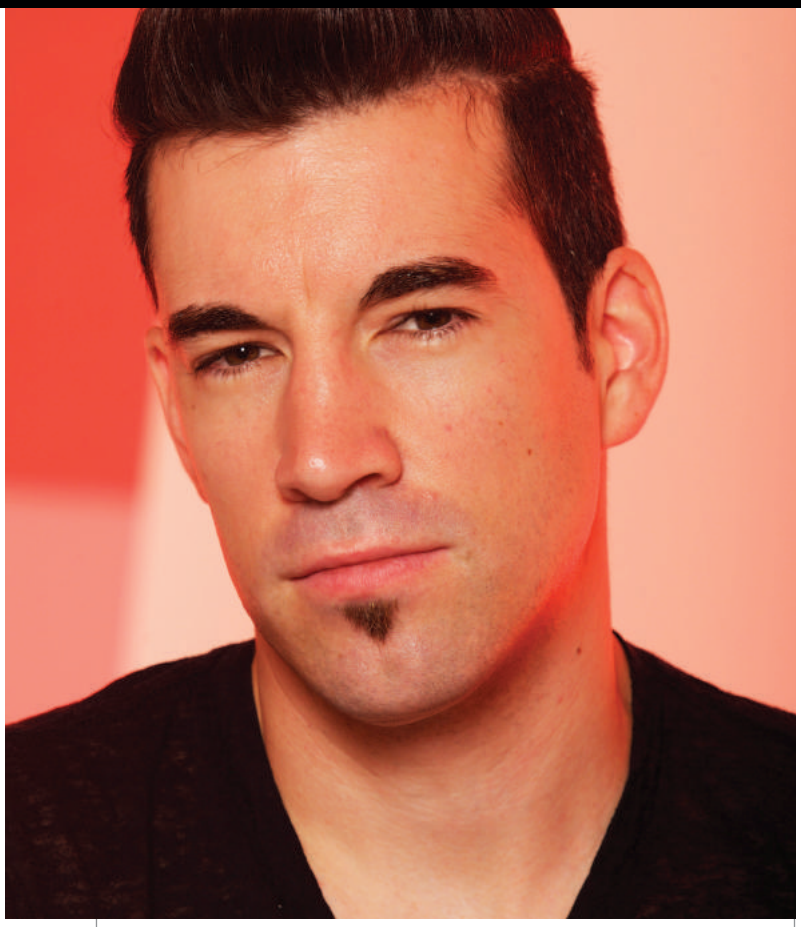
Michael (*to Kenny*): Tell him the story you tell at the bar. Guy owns five cell phones. He's got a whole thing going on.

Kenny: I don't know what you're talking about. One of the phones is my wife's. I wish I had something juicy. Then again, what is normal to me may be pretty crazy.

Sammy: Now you've got *me* interested. (*Laughs.*)

Kenny: It's not so unusual. You arrive back at your hotel with a girl, and there's another girl waiting in your room who let herself in. Then you're there with the two girls. That's pretty standard stuff, right? (*Laughs.*)

Sammy: The groupies in the '70s were a whole different breed. There was no AIDS. No one fucking used a rubber. Completely free sex. I was in Montrose on my first tour, and we were playing in New York, opening for Humble Pie. I was 24 years old. Some girl comes up to me backstage and says, "Omigod, you look just like Roger Daltrey! Can I suck your dick?" Yeah! After that I swore I would never again have sex, I mean, never come before a show because I was wiped out. Amazing! But that was the '70s. ■



PHOTOS BY MATTI KLATT

THEORY OF A DEADMAN TRUE TALES

For the past 11 years, platinum-selling Theory of a Deadman has churned out disc after disc of solid, honest rock 'n' roll. Along the way, the Vancouver-based band has enjoyed a few memorable moments of music business madness. We caught up with singer/lead guitarist Tyler Connolly to talk about pagers, the Canadian rockers' sonic new CD (*The Truth Is…*) and a groupie with a bullet hole in her head.

HUSTLER: Where did the band's name come from?

Tyler Connolly: It was a song title—a song I wrote years ago when I was a teenager. It was about a guy who was thinking about killing himself, so he wrote a list of things to live for that became the theory of a dead man. He talked himself out of suicide because there were so many beautiful things to live for. We changed the name of the song in the end. When we got signed, we didn't have a name. We had a wipe board on the wall of our rehearsal space, and song ideas and titles were written on it. "Theory of a Deadman" was up there.

Have you ever seen a dead man?

No. I think it would probably be something you would not want to see.

Has anything changed since the band's early days?

Well, when we got signed, I had a pager. (*Laughs.*) My friends and I all had pagers. We looked like drug dealers. We would be in a bar, and the pager would start buzzing. You would excuse yourself to get up and make a phone call at the pay phone. We thought it was so cool because we couldn't afford cell phones back then. When we got signed, we all bought cell phones. That's what has changed.

Musically? We had no idea what we were doing when we started. We knew how to play, but the business was foreign to us. We didn't know what to expect. We figured out the only way to survive and make it to the top was to be legit. We learned from the douchebags we met what *not* to do. In a way, we're still these wide-eyed kids excited that we have a new record coming out.

Was recording *The Truth Is…* different from your first three CDs?

No. What we wanted on this record was to do it exactly the same as the last one [*Scars and Souvenirs*]. We had Howard Benson—who produced our last three records as well as My Chemical Romance and Papa Roach—back in. We didn't want any surprises. We felt we hit the nail on the head with our last record and found something that worked. We wanted to capture that sonic energy. Same engineer, same crew. Like a family reunion. We barbecued every day. It was fun.

What is the one thing you need to take with you on the road?

PlayStation 3. We're not huge gamers, but we're from Canada. So we play *NHL 11* or whatever the latest hockey game is. We're such nerds that our dream is to have one of our songs in the *NHL* game. It's kind of lame, but we play the game as a band. All four positions, and it's sort of a team-building exercise.

On the new CD, is the song "Bitch Came Back" about anyone in particular?

I recently got divorced, and the song is about that experience. It's kind of sad to talk about it because my ex will probably read this interview.

Your ex-wife is a big HUSTLER reader?

Probably. Everything I write in a song comes from something I've done. Very rarely will I make something up.

***Scars and Souvenirs* included the song "Bad Girlfriend." Did that bad girlfriend become the future ex-wife in "Bitch Came Back"?**

Yeah! The bad girlfriend was a true story about how I met her in this bar called The Roxy in Vancouver. She was dancing on the tables. I ended up marrying her.

What's the deal with you choosing the wrong chicks?

I don't know. The life of being on tour. Women are fucked-up. They really are.

Speaking of fucked-up women, we imagine you have some good groupie tales.

The typical stories always involve crew guys. Being in a band gives you the ability. You know you can fuck a bunch of chicks because they're so available. That's kind of a turn-off: these slimy girls who will just drop to their knees in front of you and suck you off. You want a chick that's really hot and kind *and* is ignoring you. But the crew guys will fuck anything.

There was this one time I remember. It was Halloween. A crew guy brought this whore on the bus. She looked like she was on something. Her Halloween costume was a bullet hole painted on her forehead. She was disgusting. I was sitting in the front of the bus eating or something, and she staggered over to me after blowing some crew and said, "I know you. You're a lawyer."

I said, "That's correct. I'm a lawyer."

She screamed, "I fucking hate lawyers!" She got in my face. I told the guys to get her the fuck off the bus. It took three guys to throw her off the bus, kicking and screaming.

Was the bus parked at the time?

It was. If it were moving, we would have thrown her off anyway. Once we threw her off the bus, she ran and laid under the back tire of the bus. She wouldn't let us leave. We were just yelling, "Run her over! Let's get the fuck out of here!"

What would you do if you saw her again?

I'd probably just punch her in the face. What a psycho!

Theory of a Deadman's Tyler Connolly gets caught up on his essential reading.

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

A lingering Scandinavian mystery, out-of-control hijinks, Tom on Cruise control and doomsday nuptials.

THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

Based on the first novel of Stieg Larsson's spellbinding *Millennium* trilogy, this dark and twisted film is the latest masterpiece from director David Fincher (*Fight Club*). It stars Daniel Craig as Mikael Blomkvist, a disgraced Swedish journalist investigating the disappearance of an industrialist's grandniece, who dropped out of sight 40 years earlier. Needing someone to dig up information, Blomkvist hires the pierced, tattooed and antisocial computer hacker Lisbeth Salander (Rooney Mara, whose performance earned her an Academy Award nomination). But his savvy assistant does more than help solve a riddle. Lisbeth saves Blomkvist's neck—literally and figuratively. Loaded with a multidimensional plot, intense depravity, sex and nudity, *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* is a hard-edged crime thriller that packs a punch.

THE SITTER

From David Gordon Green, the director of *Pineapple Express*, comes a raunchfest full of lewd humor and insane action. Starring Jonah Hill as Noah Griffin, it follows a suburban slacker who's supposed to watch over three kids but decides to bring them along on his quest to get laid. Not surprisingly, Noah's odyssey soon spins out of control, and he eventually finds himself on the run from a maniacal drug lord. This off-color movie is definitely not for the entire family.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE: GHOST PROTOCOL

Tom Cruise returns as IMF agent Ethan Hunt in this fourth installment of the *Mission Impossible* series. When a terrorist gains access to Russian nuclear-missile launch codes, Hunt and the IMF race to prevent him from targeting the United States. Their mission becomes seemingly impossible when the IMF is falsely accused of a bombing in Moscow, prompting the U.S. government to disavow the agency. Facing insurmountable odds, Hunt and his small team of operatives must now act alone to save the world from nuclear disaster. Offering nonstop thrills and extraordinary stunts, this fast-paced, high-octane flick is a truly explosive adventure.

MELANCHOLIA
IT WILL CHANGE EVERYTHING.
WINNER
"Stunning. A movie that leaves the viewer in a state of ecstasy. A moving masterpiece..."
magnolia

WIN THIS

MELANCHOLIA

Headlined by an outstanding ensemble cast, including Kirsten Dunst as the bride-to-be, this sci-fi drama revolves around a couple's planned wedding that coincides with an impending apocalypse: A rogue planet named Melancholia is hurtling straight toward Earth. While the world awaits its inevitable destruction, family tensions mount, and relationships reach their breaking point, causing the wedding to turn into an utter fiasco. A haunting film, masterfully executed.

WIN A *MELANCHOLIA* DVD!

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ***Melancholia*** **Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by August 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

AMBER ROSE

HIGH-FASHION HOOTERS!

Amber Rose knows how to work it. She parlayed her experience as a stripper into a lucrative career as the hot girl with the close-cropped hair and slutty moves (ex-stripper, remember?) in dozens of hip-hop music videos. You can see Amber shaking her booty in songs by everyone from Nicki Minaj and Ludacris to Fabolous, Mary Mary and Young Jeezy. Her fine "work" (namely that sweet ass) captured the attention of bad-boy rap egomaniac Kanye West.

Rose and West soon became the genre's highest-profile couple, generating a ton of tabloid press. Of course, that led to Amber landing modeling jobs for huge clients, most notably Louis Vuitton and Smirnoff vodka. Work it, baby! Sadly, the union didn't last. Rose alleged that West was cheating on her with Kim Kardashian. Kanye loves the ass. It appeared that Amber's time in the spotlight was over—and for a lesser gal, it would have been.

But not for Amber Rose. After guesting on a handful of reality shows and announcing her new relationship with up-and-coming rapper Wiz Khalifa, she's back and bigger than ever! This photo is proof. We know that it's no coincidence that the pic surfaced hot on the heels of her debut release as a recording artist—the single "Fame" (*not* a cover of either David Bowie's or Irene Cara's). While vacationing on the tropical island of Barbados, the bald beauty seemed not to have a care in the world as she let her flotation devices free—totally unaware that paparazzi were nearby snapping photos. Yeah, right. Now everyone is watching. Like we said, ex-stripper who knows how to work it.

Remember, every month HUSTLER works hard to bring you the best in famous flesh. If you have risqué photos of a sexy songbird or any well-known lady working it in public—preferably topless—get in touch with us pronto at ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may just want to buy them to publish for the whole world to enjoy.

MOVIE Mammaries

JULIE BENZ:
BUSTY BLONDE BREAKS OUT

Julie Benz almost didn't make it into the pages of our hallowed magazine. Best known for her work on *Dexter*, the blonde with the killer bod wasn't even going to be an actress. At the age of three, Julie began ice-skating. Hell, she competed at the 1988 U.S. Figure Skating Championships in junior-level ice dancing. However, a devastating injury put an end to her dreams of Olympic gold and steered her in another direction—acting.

Julie's big break came when she auditioned for the title role in the TV series *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (1997-03). **Sarah Michelle Gellar** ultimately got the part, but the producers liked Benz so much, they cast her in a handful of episodes as Buffy's nemesis Darla, a role she resurrected (literally) in *BTVS*'s spin-off series *Angel* (1999-04).

But even before becoming a TV star, Benz was our kind of angel in the overlooked futuristic horror/drama *Darkdrive* (1997). The plot is hard to follow, something about vigilantes and virtual-reality prisons. That's not important though, because, although she is constantly being (virtually) killed, Julie does get the opportunity to expose her juicy jugs in a scorching sex scene that will have you reaching for your stick shift.

Benz once again showed off her acting chops and (most importantly) unbashful tits in the comedy short *Eating Las Vegas* (1997). This *Leaving Las Vegas* spoof features the dish who saved Pittsburgh (her birthplace) as a bulimic hooker with a heart of gold who helps a fat man eat himself to death. Search out this flick for the scene in which a topless Julie rides said fat guy to an ultrarealistic orgasm—hers, not his.

It would be a long, hard decade before we got to see Benz's boobs and beautiful butt naked again. In the meantime, guys like us had to settle for some sexy and scantily clad performances. These were topped by portraying the aptly named Marcie "Foxy" Fox in the film *Jawbreaker* (1999), costarring **Rose McGowan**.

Thank God for premium cable! That's where Benz popped up as Rita Bennett, the naive girlfriend of a serial killer on Showtime's hit series *Dexter*. Julie can be seen in various states of undress during several episodes, but our favorite has to be "It's Alive!" (2007) thanks to her awesome bare ass.

After four seasons on *Dexter*, Julie's character was killed off, and the now-40-year-old actress landed a recurring, sexless role in the CBS series *A Gifted Man*. Hey, Julie, how about a sequel? Perhaps *Darkdrive 2*?

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and television—including series regulars who regularly take off their clothes in front of the camera. We welcome your input and suggestions. If there's a famous hottie you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may put her in the magazine.

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DARKDRIVE

DARKDRIVE

DEXTER

PART THE
RED CURTAIN

JASMINE & AARON

When Grant (**Aaron Wilcoxxx**) saw a flyer announcing auditions for the play *Rabbit Hole*, he was thrilled. The struggling actor loved the somber theatrical piece about a marriage fractured by tragedy.

When Grant arrived at tryouts, he was surprised to find the auditorium empty except for a butt-naked chick onstage. “Hello,” Beth (**Jasmine Jolie**) whispered across the darkness to Grant.

“Is this the audition for *Rabbit Hole*?” Grant wondered. “Am I in the right place?”

Beth sized the dude up and liked what she saw as he stepped onto the stage. “You’re in the right place,” she purred. “But this is an audition for my original play called *Rabbit’s Holes*. I’m playing the role of Rabbit.”

“What’s my part?” Grant asked.

“You’re the carrot,” Beth replied, grabbing Grant’s cock. “Your motivation is to plunder all of my rabbit holes. Think you’ve got what it takes?”

Grant auditioned his heart out. Judging by Beth’s enthusiastic reaction, he was certainly persuasive in the role. Afterward, Beth didn’t bother to tell the stud that there was never really going to be a play. For Beth, theater was all about the process.

Jasmine Jolie can also be ogled in *Party in My Mouth* and *Barely Legal: Fresh Faces* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

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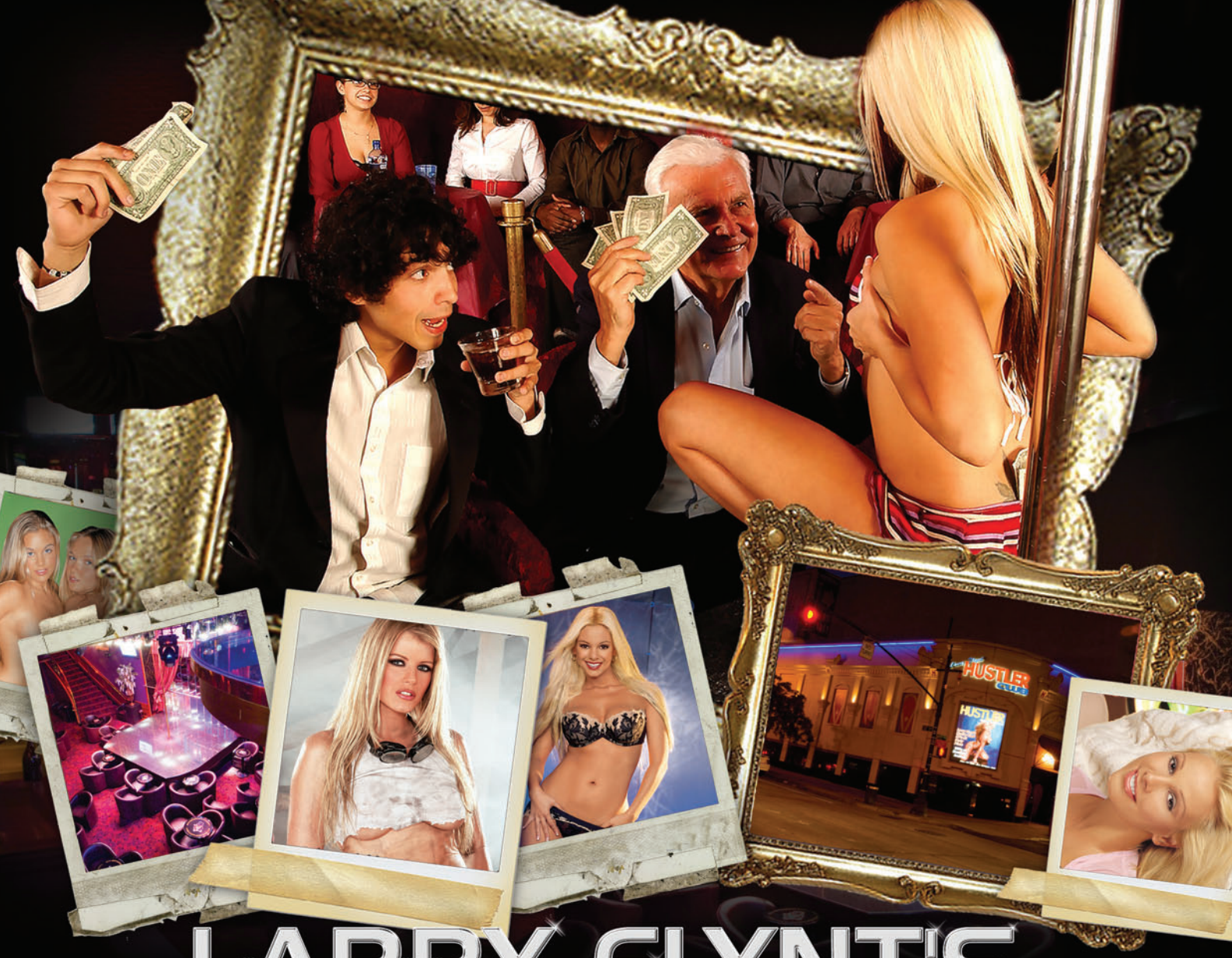

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Star power: Leia (Allie Haze) negotiates with the Empire, sand vixen Jennifer White trades with Obi-Wan, and Gia DiMarco (bottom) appeases the Menace.

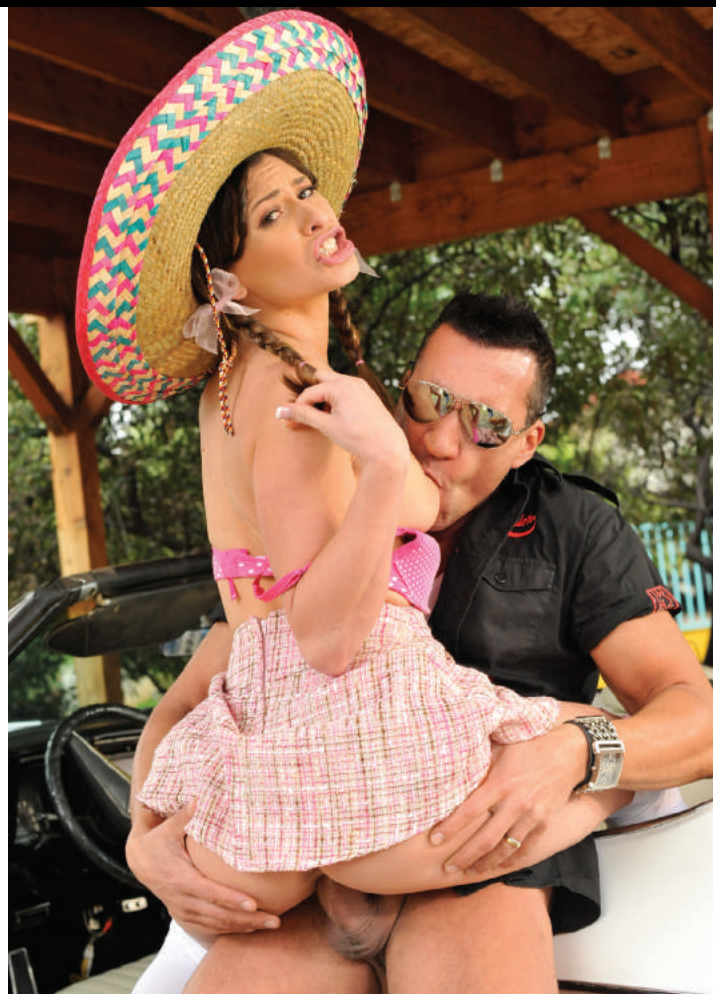
Star Wars XXX—A Porn Parody

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT/AXEL BRAUN PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ALLIE HAZE, AIDEN ASHLEY, KIMBERLY KANE, GIA DiMARCO, EVE LAURENCE, BRANDY ANISTON, RIHANNA RIMES, JENNIFER WHITE, SETH GAMBLE, TOM BYRON, ROCCO REED, DICK CHIBBLES, LEXINGTON STEELE, DANNY WYLDE & DERRICK PIERCE.

Get ready to power up your light saber! We should say that this is more of a *pre*view than a *re*view, since the most hotly anticipated smut disc of the millennium was still being kept in the Vivid vault at press time. But from what we can see in the advance pics, it looks like the sexiest *Star Wars* convention of all time. Allie Haze is already getting props for her fuckworthy version of Princess Leia, and we fully expect her to have the heroine's trademark spunkiness. Think about this: Allie wasn't even born when the original blockbuster came out in 1977. Doesn't that make you feel older than Obi-Wan? (Imagine how George Lucas is going to feel watching this.) Remember what the master said about The Force: "It surrounds us and penetrates us." That line finally makes *total* sense! Yes, young Jedi, porn binds the galaxy together.

—M.J.

*Rihanna Rimes and Allie Haze inspire the Rebels, while Eve Laurence and Brandy Aniston (bottom) show a Wookie what **XXX** means.*



Think Pink: Nicki Hunter, Victoria Lawson (above) and Sunny Lane serve up your favorite food.

Riding the Flying Pink Pig

LFP VIDEO/CHEEKY MONKEY PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: ERICA McLEAN. STARRING: SUNNY LANE, NICKI HUNTER, ANDY SAN DIMAS, SASHA HEART, TESSA TAYLOR, CYTHEREA, VICTORIA LAWSON, LIZZ TAYLER, DANNY MOUNTAIN, MARCO BANDERAS, BILLY GLIDE, SETH GAMBLE & MR. MARCUS.

This third helping of director Erica McLean's *Flying Pink Pig* franchise is the most gluttonous one yet, boasting eight of porn's favorite dishes and the tasty original track "Pink Pussy" by none other than Snoop Dogg. The rapper mashed up hip-hop and porn with his HUSTLER Video pals back in the day, and now he's back, hungry for more. (Yes, this review has some shameless self-promotion, but we gotta eat too.) This time out, the food-truck fuckdolls are expanding into personal delivery with their aphrodisiac additives. Cherubic Sunny Lane kicks off the action, setting a standard for service that the rest of the cast easily matches, especially MILFy muffin Nicki Hunter and original squirt queen Cytherea, who douses a triple-chick lick-off. Yes, the movie piles on the corny clichés, but it rolls along from one treat to the next like a face-stuffing contest, with the soundtrack giving it just the right groove. As long as the Valley Girl chattering doesn't work your nerves too much, chances are you'll leave this fuckmobile with a smile on your face. As an extra side order, the DVD includes Erica's music video for Yg $oprano featuring Mack 10. If you're ready to pig out, order this flick now on page 124. ***—M.J.***

*Tiffany Taylor, Diamond Jackson and Jessica Grabbit (bottom) keep their business in the **Black**.*

Super Anal Black Cougars

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: JESSICA DAWN, DIAMOND JACKSON, CINNAMON, TIFFANY TAYLOR, JESSICA GRABBIT, NAT TURNHER, WESLEY PIPES & MARK ANTHONY.

We all know that black don't crack, but neither does black crack! The title of this one doesn't leave a lot of room for mystery, but it does deliver what it promises, namely big black dicks shoved into the backsides of sistas who are old enough to know better. It's not the most stylish fuck flick you've ever seen, but the lovely, supple rectums offered make up for it. Cinnamon opens up the gapefest nicely, and Jessica Grabbit follows with an ass-fuck so natural, it seems God intended it that way. Black cougar supreme Diamond Jackson, with a body apparently engineered by NASA, bumps the proceedings up a couple of notches. She gives light-skinned Tiffany Taylor and exotic beauty Jessica Dawn too much to measure up to, but it's fun watching them try. As they say in all those sexist colleges, Go Cougars! ***—M.J.***

*Girls in **Trouble**: Riley Steele, BiBi Jones and Vicki Chase (right) postpone the pillow fight.*

Trouble at the Slumber Party

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: RILEY STEELE, BIBI JONES, ANDY SAN DIMAS, VICKI CHASE, MANUEL FERRARA, MARCUS LONDON, ERIK EVERHARD & CHARLES DERA.

You should be warned up front that this is not about a bunch of teenagers getting knocked up in their PJs. It's a wannabe comedy about some lamebrain dudes looking to crash their girlfriends' sleepover and the girls turning the tables. The dialogue is tough to follow, thanks to mush-mouth acting and miserable sound work, but it's disposable anyway. The main thing is the slumber party is populated with a good mix of tasty whore d'oeuvres. Scrawny, bubble-tit blondes BiBi Jones and Riley Steele are the predictable stars; but for our money, sultry all-naturals Vicki Chase and Andy San Dimas bring the necessary flavor. Halfway through, BiBi and Riley deliver on the box cover pic in pigtails and underwear, phoning in a couple of standard fuck scenes. Riley's a doll, and she turns out to be quite the toe-sucker, so you won't be sorry you came to this slumber party. Just don't expect it to live up to the perverted panty raid in your head. ***—M.J.***

BACK IN BLUE

HUSTLER VIDEO BEATS HOLLYWOOD TO THE PUNCH WITH ITS OWN 3D (*THIS AIN'T*) *AVATAR XXX* SEQUEL.

"You can tell us apart by our boobs!" jokes Victoria Lawson, pushing out her glowing indigo chest. After several hours in makeup, she and Mia Lelani have been transformed into Na'bi warriors. It's day three of a grueling shoot. They'll be fucking far into the wee small hours, just like the night before. "I slept in this last night," says Billy Glide, one of the body-painted dudes. "It felt pretty weird!"

HUSTLER's first *Avatar* pornification was a sales smash and kicked off a 3D wave in hardcore. Now, in a porn-parody first, cockbuster specialist Axel Braun is pushing hard to get ***This Ain't Avatar XXX 2: Escape From Pandwhora*** in 3D onto the market even before James Cameron unloads his own *Avatar 2*. "Cameron's going underwater in his sequel," director Braun says. "Ours is the missing link. It picks up where the first one left off, with the human sex slaves captured by the Na'bi, and ends when the characters dive into the water." While assuring us that "there's way more sex than story, of course," Braun boasts, "We upgraded the makeup and 3D cameras this time."

"I love the set and makeup!" exclaims Adriana Sephora, one of the caged human hotties. "I'm jealous. I want to be blue!" The movie's other nonblue blond bombshell, Helly Mae Hellfire, lounges in a skimpy slavegirl outfit, waiting for the call of the wild. "A year ago, I was spray-painting tans on people," says the rising star. "This is way better!"

Five minutes later, Adriana and Helly are wrapped around each other, showing off their sexual dexterity as cameras roll. Even the seasoned crew members stop to gawk at the blond duo. Welcome to paradise.

Watch for HUSTLER Video's *This Ain't Avatar XXX 2: Escape From Pandwhora* in 3D, on sale this fall at **HustlerStore.com**. ***—M.J.***

Helly Mae Hellfire and Adriana Sephora capture Mia Lelani and Victoria Lawson, while Yurizan Beltran gets speared on Pandwhora.

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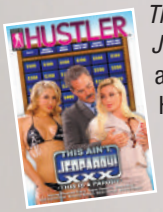
THIS AIN'T JEOPARDY! XXX

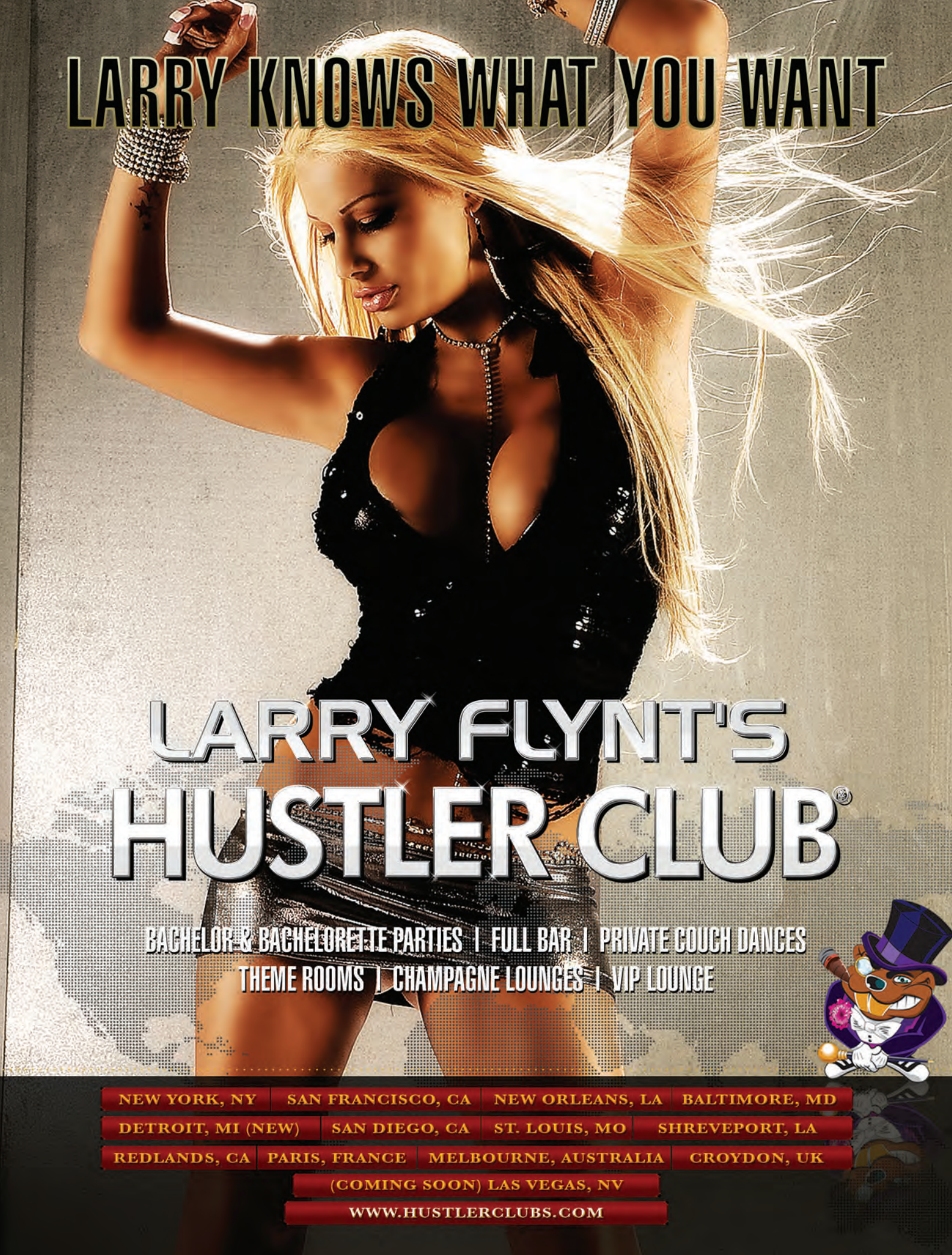
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Jeopardy! first appeared on the boob tube almost half a century ago. Since 1984, the heady quiz show has been steered by the steady hand of host Alex Trebek. We're big *Jeopardy!* fans, but it's distressing that most of the contestants are pasty, myopic supernerds. So HUSTLER Video decided to create a version of the venerable program that swapped out the eggheads with sluts. We humbly present *This Ain't Jeopardy! XXX*.

The fun kicks off when Alex (**Dale DaBone**) explains the complicated rules of *Jeopardy!* to a chesty contestant (**Diamond Foxxx**). As usual for a HUSTLER parody, the host is unable to talk about "Final Jeopardy" without taking his pants off. Meanwhile, in the "pink" room (Why would HUSTLER opt for a traditional green one?), another sexpot (**Codi Carmichael**) is up to no good. This chick gets seduced by a smooth-talking pimp (**Mr. Pete**), who came to see a taping of the show but ended up coming on a dirty ho. (As a side note, the real *Jeopardy!* consistently wins the coveted pimp demographic in daytime ratings.) Finally, after a long day in front of the cameras, Alex unwinds with a massage. Thankfully, his masseuse (**Breanne Benson**) believes in really, really happy endings.



This Ain't Jeopardy! XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.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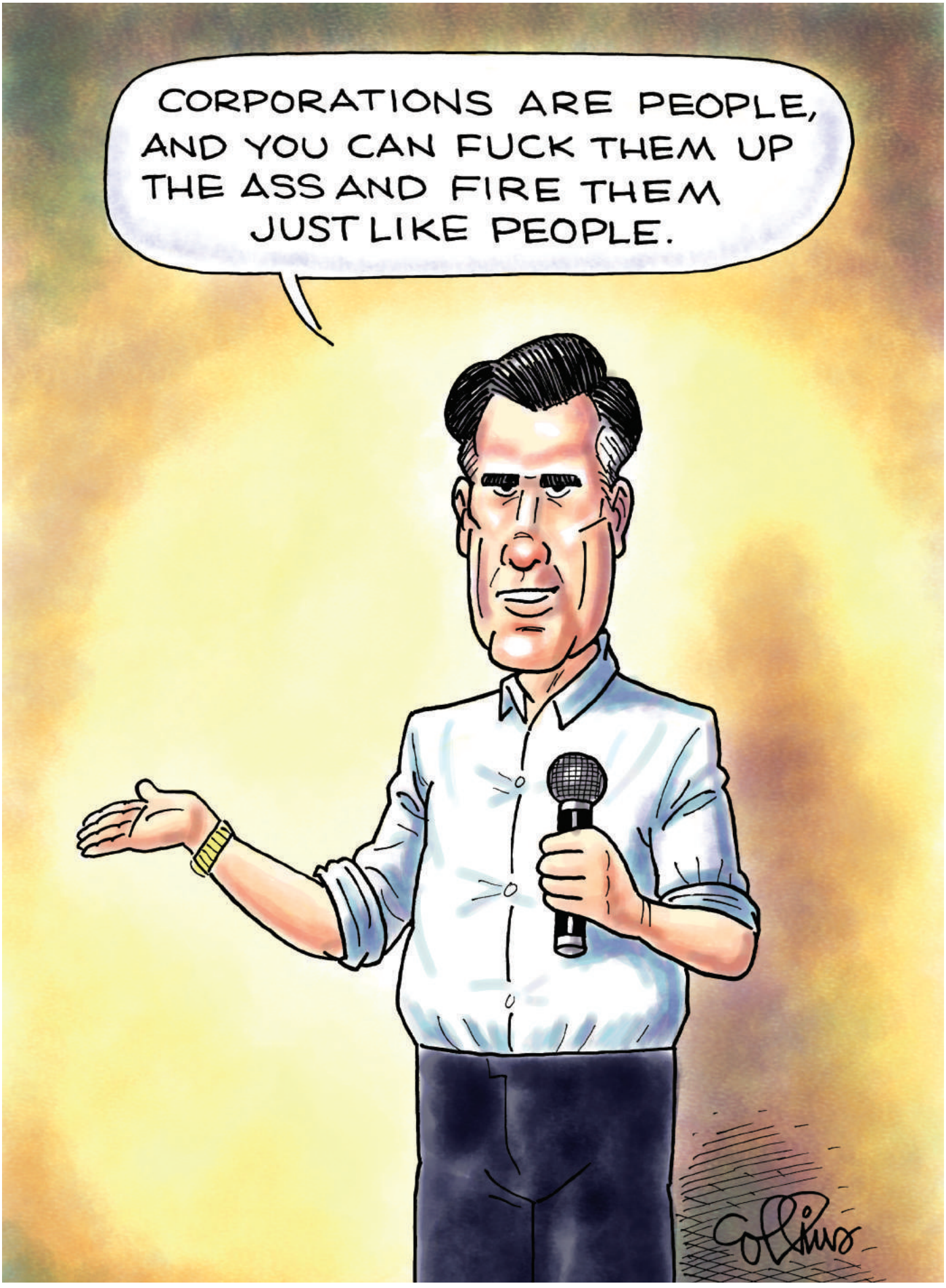
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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

LUNA LEE

Who wouldn't want to encounter a *Beaver Hunt* UFO? Remember, you're deep inside HUSTLER's first sci-fi issue. "I just do what I want, when I want," professes *uninhibited female object* Luna Lee, a "very adventurous, bi-curious and kinky" waitress from Trenton, New Jersey. "If someone wants to shoot pictures of me, I'll take off all my clothes. If my boyfriend wants to have sex with me, I'm down. I always take care of other people's needs before mine." Needing an August birthday girl to launch this roundup, we've rolled out bush-sporting and candor-spouting Luna Lee, who's gonna be 22. "I like having power over men," the 5-foot-0 Garden Stater declares, "and it peaks when my pussy is wrapped around the tip of a cock." Luna Lee—a devotee of cunnilingus, *Jersey Shore*, ham-and-pineapple pizza, funnyman George Lopez and "anything that makes me laugh"—fesses up, "I had a guy buy tickets to a boring movie just so he could fuck me in the back row of the theater. Now I'd like to have sex in a busy mall so everyone can watch me get off." —Photos by Friend

DEE

"I've been posing nude for six years, and I really love it," announces Dee, 30, a "hardworking wife and mom" from Westland, Michigan. "Being naked makes me feel dirty, and I like feeling dirty. I'm naked quite often in the backyard, and I love flashing my husband and peeing in public. But I have to thank hubby for giving me the confidence to send off my latest pictures. We like looking at HUSTLER's layouts and *Beaver Hunt* together, then talking about who we both think is hot. Until now, I never thought I'd see *my* pussy splashed on a page of the magazine." Yes, *Covert Affairs*—Dee's favorite boob tube fare along with football and hockey—may not have a more overt viewer. "Annie Walker [Piper Perabo's character] is hot," Dee reckons, but what the 5-foot-4 Kid Rock fan pipes next is hotter: "At night I'm a nasty, dirty, kinky skank. I'm down for everything, but I love getting fucked doggy-style and working my ass most of all. And I finally admitted to myself that I'm more than bi-curious. I want a chick to eat me out. My biggest fantasy is to be gang-banged by five guys with lots of double penetration. I want to be treated like a whore for one night. I'd also love to be a secretary so I can dress hot and fuck the boss." —Photos by Husband

"I shave my snatch 'cause I think if you can't see it, then don't eat it."

HEATHER

"It was my destiny to be in HUSTLER," trumpets this "affectionate and playful in a sly kinda way" denizen of Oak Hill, Ohio. "I was born in 1974—the same year Larry Flynt started my favorite mag—and I love being naked." But not just in the usual locations. "I was with a group of friends," Heather hoots, "when we streaked through the terminal of the local airport, then jumped in a pickup and raced off down the runway, still naked, with security after us in their little truck with flashing lights." Besides making getaways, the 5-foot-6 caregiver makes knot blankets. "If I give you one, you're in," she relates. "I get friendly really quick. Guess I'm a happy, good-time single girl. There's no place in the world for sad fucking." On that note, the "definitely bi" Carrie Underwood, J.Lo and Nickelback fan gladly describes her favorite intertwined scenario: "I do a handstand, and my partner grabs hold behind me and hammers it in. Talk about hitting the G spot!" And, gee whiz, talk about fine fantasies! "I'd love to meet Brad Pitt, Larry Flynt and Tex Hagen," Heather reveals. "I'd also love to fuck inside a van driving down Main Street of my hometown during the Fourth of July parade!" —Photos by Friend

RAE OF SUNSHINE

"I want to give men across the world something to dream about," proclaims Rae of Sunshine, 23, a "bubbly, down-to-earth and happily married homemaker" from Warren, Massachusetts. "Making it into such a prestigious magazine is a dream come true. My husband is also extremely excited that I am getting this opportunity to be a major tease. I love to model, especially nude. I am so much better at being nude than I am clothed." We think the 5-foot-6 horseback riding, "shooting my gun" and "going to strip clubs" enthusiast is selling herself short, but she has made great strides in the immodesty department since an "embarrassing" incident a while back. "I was in the ocean at a Rhode Island beach," Rae recalls, "when a wave stole my bathing suit right in front of family, friends and the entire public." Now she's not only baring her tantalizing bod in HUSTLER but also sharing her innermost thoughts with John Q. Public: "I am straight, seductive and maybe a little bi-curious. I will do *anything* to please my husband in life and in bed. I try to be a good companion and keep the sex life spicy. One of my talents, I've been told, is that I give amazing head." Rae—a die-hard New England Patriots fan who also digs the country tunes of Jason Aldean, the *Twilight* cinema saga and TV's *Sons of Anarchy*—has an amazing fantasy: "I'd love to go to some sort of sex resort and fuck my husband in front of everyone there. I think it would be a thrill." —Photos by Husband

ARIYANA NOMEZ

Now comes another Michigan UFO, one who's gonna turn 26 in August. "I'm a go-getter and total flirt, but being in HUSTLER takes the cake!" howls Ariyana Nomez, a sizzling culinary student from Detroit. "I enjoy knowing a million guys are fantasizing about me. I have power over men—pussy control, baby, and mine is prime!" As are the 5-foot-4 newbie's mighty mounds and "nice, round, Puerto Rican" ass. "I love to show it off," says Ariyana, a dancing, partying and techno music aficionada whose amorous menu is lights out. "I'm a freaky, bisexual, aggressive lover who is down for anything! A tongue on my vajayjay makes me a happy camper, but I really love anal sex 'cause it makes me feel naughty. I love being a naughty girl. I'm also extremely flexible. I was a cheerleader all through high school, and I love to show off my tricks, like riding a guy while in the splits." No wonder Ariyana exults, "I'd be a great wife 'cause I love to cook, clean and fuck—and not in that order!" Rounding out her résumé, the part-time bachelor party entertainer discloses, "My favorite TV show is *Ghost Whisperer*, which was canceled—so sad. My other faves are the *CSI* shows, *NCIS*, *Ice Road Truckers*, *Medium* and *Haven*. I love sci-fi. Yes, I'm a nerd!" With a lurid imagination: "I've always had the fantasy that a cop arrests me, then takes advantage of me in the back of his patrol car." —Photos by Friend

"I'll have sex any ol' place, but I keep coming back to the beach."

BABY

By way of Haiku, Hawaii, this "sweet, kinky and submissive" 23-year-old has come well prepared for her moment in the sun. Baby's "all-time fave" TV show is MTV's *Undressed*, and the dancing, surfing and bondage buff once streaked through a mall. "Modeling nude makes me feel sexy, hot and naughty," toots the 5-foot-2 cutie, who's that and more when practicing how to make babies. "I fooled around with girls before losing my virginity," Baby confides. "In high school I was a pole vaulter. Now I like pole-sitting on guys." —Photos by Friend

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

CHAMPAGNE SHEPHERD

AGE: 43

LOCATION: Fresno, California

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Bold, brassy and totally uninhibited, Champagne Shepherd boasts an intense self-esteem that matches her insanely curvaceous figure. "Let's be totally frank," declares the 5-foot-5 firebrand, whose booty rivals J.Lo's royal rearend. "Since we older women have been engaging in sex for a while, we know what works for us and what doesn't. We have experience on our side, and you just can't beat that."

But don't let her assertive demeanor intimidate you, guys. Champagne may be on the north side of 40, but she readily admits to being "a bit of a brat" who occasionally needs "someone to keep me in line a little." Champagne elaborates, "That's why I look for a man with a strong, self-confident personality. It's a real turn-on for me! I just like to know my man is in charge."

COUGARS UNLEASHED #42

Meanwhile, Champagne keeps her lovers content by striving to stay in tip-top shape. "I love going to the gym and hitting the treadmill," the fitness buff reveals. "But I'm also a bit selfish. I find it extremely flattering when someone expresses delight in my looks."

But Champagne isn't just into physlcal exercise. "Since I'm involved in the education field, I'm a big reader," she acknowledges. "It's important to put the same effort into one's mind as you put into your body. That's why I love to read, travel and have a good laugh whenever possible. I'm always working on bettering myself inside and out."

Champagne, who's a mentor both academically and amorously, offers some sage advice for her fellow Cougars: "Don't put yourself in a box just because you're no longer 30. Enjoy life to its fullest. I mean, as we women mature, we no longer have the time or desire to play cat and mouse. If the chemistry's there, go for it. If not, move on. Life's just too short to play games."

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Paris

AGE: 26

LOCATION: PORTLAND, OREGON

URL:
Facebook.com/profile.php?ID=100000602765746

Does heavily inked Paris look like she'd be a handful in bed and out of it as well? "Yes!" she asserts. "When I was growing up, I was pretty much hell on two legs. Mommy's worst nightmare."

These days the part-time model is still creating her own excitement—but it's usually more erotic than chaotic. "I really love being a stripper," Paris chimes. "It's a fantastic job where you get to do what you want, when you want. My feeling is that if you truly enjoy your profession, you'll never feel as if you're working."

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY HYPNOX

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

So what does Paris do when she isn't undulating her fantastic figure onstage or in front of the camera? "I keep myself occupied with fast cars, loud metal, fire, tattoos, men and women," the 5-foot-8 hellcat informs us. Paris—whose knuckles spell out "Rose City," the nickname of her hometown—even has fun in the kitchen. "I absolutely adore cooking," she gushes.

But when Paris brings home a guest, she isn't just gonna serve a great meal. "Naturally, I love sex," she admits. "I'll be the craziest ride of your life! Hell, there's nothing wrong with giving everything at least one shot. Like they say, don't knock it if you haven't tried it!"

For those courageous parties interested in a spirited ride with this hot-blooded beauty, Paris has two basic requirements: "You need to have a strong body and a strong mind!"

Think hard, guys!

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

SINISTER TRADITION

A DRUM MAJOR'S SUSPICIOUS DEATH PROMPTS **FLORIDA A&M UNIVERSITY** TO TACKLE ITS CULTURE OF HAZING.

Florida A&M University's innovative Marching 100 band has gained national recognition by performing at five Super Bowls, the 1984 Los Angeles Summer Olympics and the inauguration festivities of Presidents Bill Clinton and Barack Obama. However, lurking beneath the band's prestige and accolades has been a degrading, sometimes-violent tradition associated with membership: hazing.

On November 19, 2011, the Marching 100 was in Orlando for the Florida Classic, an annual football game between two historically black universities: archrivals Florida A&M and Bethune-Cookman. Following the game, drum major Robert Champion reportedly complained of breathing problems on the charter bus transporting the band from Citrus Bowl Stadium to an Orlando hotel. The 26-year-old was eventually found vomiting outside the vehicle, where he collapsed and lost consciousness.

Champion was later pronounced dead, and the Orange County Medical Examiner ruled the case a homicide, concluding that the cause of death was shock due to internal bleeding from "multiple blunt trauma blows to his body." It is rumored that Champion was subjected to a hazing ritual known as "Crossing Bus C," in which a new Marching 100 member must walk down the aisle from the front to the back of a charter bus while being pummeled by others in the band.

So far, no one has been arrested in conjunction with Champion's death, and the investigation is still ongoing. Meanwhile, band members have been implicated in other hazing incidents. In December 2011, Aaron Golson, James Harris and Sean Hobson were arrested for allegedly beating freshman clarinetist Bria Shante Hunter in October as she tried to enter a subsection called the Red Dawg Order. Hunter suffered a fractured thigh bone and blood clots after being punched and struck with a ruler.

In January 2012, four FAMU students—Denise Lashawn Bailey, Hakeem Birch, Brandon Benson and Anthony Mingo—were arrested for September 2011 incidents involving a Marching 100 subsection known as The Clones. Five pledges were allegedly forced into physical exercise, punched and paddled.

Since Champion's death and the wave of recent arrests, Tallahassee-based Florida A&M University has received widespread media attention and become a catalyst for the reform of hazing practices nationwide. Discussions regarding student safety are now commonplace on the FAMU campus. At these gatherings, administrators and distinguished speakers have condemned the long-time collegiate tradition of hazing as immoral, illegal and against university policy.

It is rumored that Robert Champion was subjected to a hazing ritual known as "Crossing Bus C," in which a new Marching 100 member must walk down the aisle from the front to the back of a charter bus while being pummeled by others in the band.

On November 22, 2011—three days after the Florida Classic—FAMU President James H. Ammons suspended all performances of the Marching 100. A day later, Governor Rick Scott requested that the Florida Department of Law Enforcement (FDLE) work with the Orange County Sheriff's Department to "thoroughly" investigate Champion's death.

On November 29, the Florida Board of Governors launched its own probe with the help of Ammons, who appointed a task force to address behavior within the band. However, this group was dissolved when the FDLE stipulated that the agency didn't want any disciplinary actions to interfere with its criminal investigation.

Nevertheless, on the day the FDLE began looking into Champion's death, Ammons fired band director Julian White for his alleged misconduct involving confirmed reports of hazing within the Marching 100. White, who was later placed on paid leave, argued that he repeatedly reported cases of hazing to administrators—electronically and in writing. According to the *Huffington Post*, "in the weeks before Champion's death, White suspended 26 band members for hazing."

FAMU students have generally supported the school's response to the hazing incidents. When Governor Scott recommended that Ammons be suspended, they rallied and marched from campus to the front lawn of the governor's mansion to deliver a message: "Stay the hell out of our institution." Siding with the students, the Board of Trustees decided to keep the school's president in office but publicly reprimanded him.

Ammons pledged to implement a plan to eradicate hazing at FAMU. On January 31, 2012, he suspended inductions of new members into all student organizations (including fraternities and sororities) until the fall semester. Summer band camp was also suspended to give the university the "opportunity to receive recommendations of the anti-hazing committee" established by the Board of Trustees.

On February 13, 2012, the family of Robert Champion filed a wrongful-death lawsuit against Fabulous Coach Lines, the operator of the charter bus on which the drum major died. The family is also planning to file a lawsuit against FAMU. However, it must wait several months due to a Florida statute that protects public entities from being sued frivolously.

The fate of the Marching 100 remains unclear, but the administration has placed its focus on working to promote a culture of "respect and dignity" that will mark the end of hazing at Florida A&M University.

Karl Etters, a FAMU journalism student from Tallahassee, is news editor of the campus newspaper, *The Famuan*.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

LUCY

SACRAMENTO CITY COLLEGE

Twenty-year-old Lucy has an extracurricular activity that could spell trouble. The luscious, all-natural brunette dances until closing time at Sacramento's coolest clubs when she should be hitting the books. "I'm always down to party," Lucy says. "But my goal this year is to keep up my grades no matter what I've been doing the night before a morning class!"

Lucy, whose courses are part of a general studies curriculum, also has a long-range goal: "I hope to eventually pursue a career in psychology or maybe human sexuality. Figuring out what turns people on is definitely an interest of mine."

When it comes to turning Lucy on, the 5-foot-6 Californian has no problem whatsoever speaking her mind: "I like a little verbal play before getting naked with someone. What especially attracts me is witty sarcasm. I just love being able to playfully argue with a man, which adds to the heat of the situation."

The temperature in the bedroom is undoubtedly far from Arctic-like when Lucy is working on all cylinders. "I like it a little rough," the bi-curious hottie duly notes. "I want someone to be able to toss me around in a playful way, but my ultimate fantasy is to include a really sexy girl. I just have this craving to be with a woman for a night."

Sounds like Lucy's ready to tackle some serious homework. We just hope the ultravixen doesn't have a class bright and early the following morning.

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

HUSTLER

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DEBRA: EASY TO BE HEARD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Unlike many women even twice her age, 21-year-old **Debra** has an uncanny grasp on her own sexuality. “Most people get so wrapped up with their technique that they miss the most important part of sex: the release of animal passions,” says this Columbus, Ohio, honey. “Anyone can give physical pleasure, but I need to have my soul satisfied as well.”

Only a certain type of lover can quench **Debra**’s deep thirst. He has to become an animal of lust. “But in order to get a man to the point where he’ll do anything to satisfy me,” she admits, “I have to make him want me really bad.”

So **Debra** taunts her man, putting him off and abusing his ego, until he forgets breeding and technique and lets his basic instincts take over. “It’s the only way I can get off,” she asserts with smugness.

If you’re like us, the gleam in **Debra**’s eyes should bring out the beast in you.

(continued from page 67)

and it has killed people. Even in Darfur, water has major implications.

It's very possible that in the coming decades we could have an actual war over water—especially as populations grow and certain parts of the world dry out.

How do we prevent such a crisis?

It begins with the simplest thing: Pay attention to water! Be aware of your own ripple effect. Don't flush pharmaceuticals down the toilet because—guess what?!—they end up in the water supply. It is much deeper than that though. We have technologies that allow us to use water much more carefully now than before. We can conserve water and be more efficient, so we should be using these new resources and methods. There are dams, desalination methods and sewage-water recycling projects, just to name a few.

Sewage-water recycling? Are you saying we are drinking water that once contained sewage?

(*Laughs.*) Yes, some people are! This notion of recycling human sewage is very interesting. On the face of it, it's kind of disgusting. The process is called "ground water replenishment system." It's quite amazing. It's similar to desalination, in that it sucks all the pollutants out of the sewage. [The process] takes all the nasty stuff out of the water, then it pumps the water back into existing natural groundwater supplies. When it comes out of the [recycling] plant, it is so clean, it's called "ultrapure" water. That means it's actually cleaner than natural water. They have to add minerals back into it just so it can be used as drinking water.

Where is this sewage recycling being done?

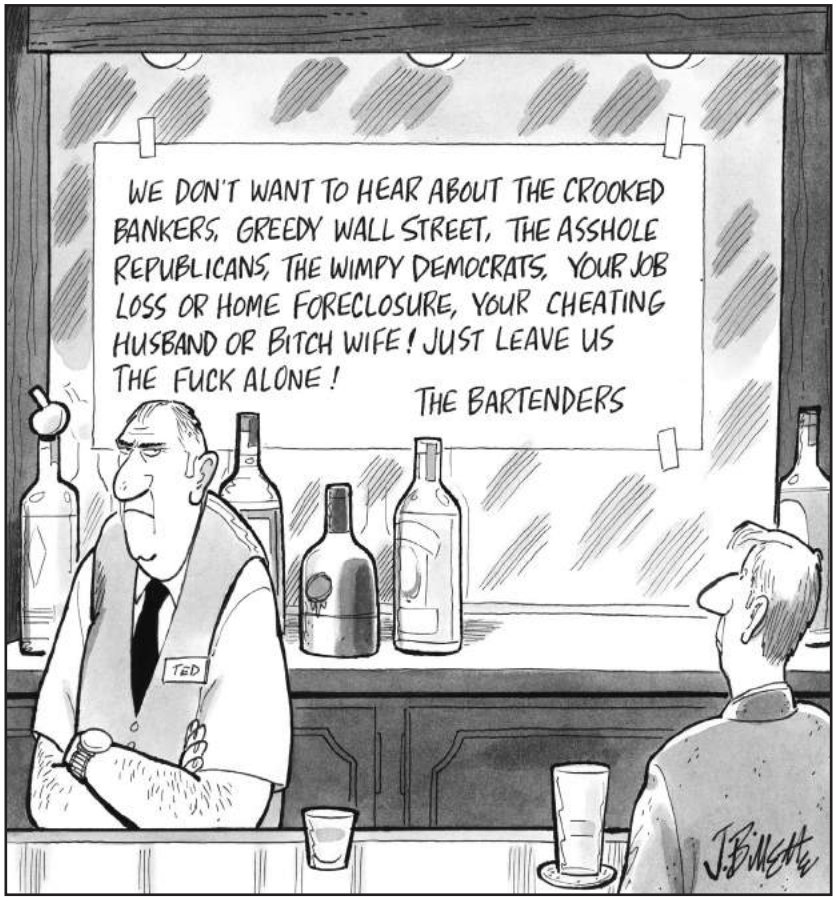
The one I researched is in California. In my research I spoke to someone working at the project in Orange County, and he said to me, "We live in the middle of a desert, and our population is booming. We're doing this not by choice but out of necessity. We have a growing population, a greater demand for water, and at the same time a rising amount of sewage. So how do we solve these problems with one sort of artful step?" The answer for them was this sewage-recycling project.

What can we do to reduce our own personal ripple?

Today there are all sorts of things like low-flush toilets and low-flow showerheads. We have side-mounted washing machines, which are much more efficient. These methods sound unsexy and basic. But when they are taken in the aggregate, they have this cumulative effect. All the little efficiencies really add up.

We have to start adjusting ourselves to this new reality, whether we like it or not. And whether we caused it or not, the fact is that conditions are changing around us. Let's say you live in a place like Australia, where for years you have record-breaking drought followed by record-breaking floods. You feel like you've been biblically cursed or something. (*Laughs.*) It sounds funny and extreme, and it sounds like the Bible, but this is the kind of thing that is happening.

For more about *The Ripple Effect: The Fate of Fresh Water in the Twenty-First Century* and its author, visit AlexPrudhomme.com.


WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE CROOKED BANKERS, GREEDY WALL STREET, THE ASSHOLE REPUBLICANS, THE WIMPY DEMOCRATS, YOUR JOB LOSS OR HOME FORECLOSURE, YOUR CHEATING HUSBAND OR BITCH WIFE! JUST LEAVE US THE FUCK ALONE!
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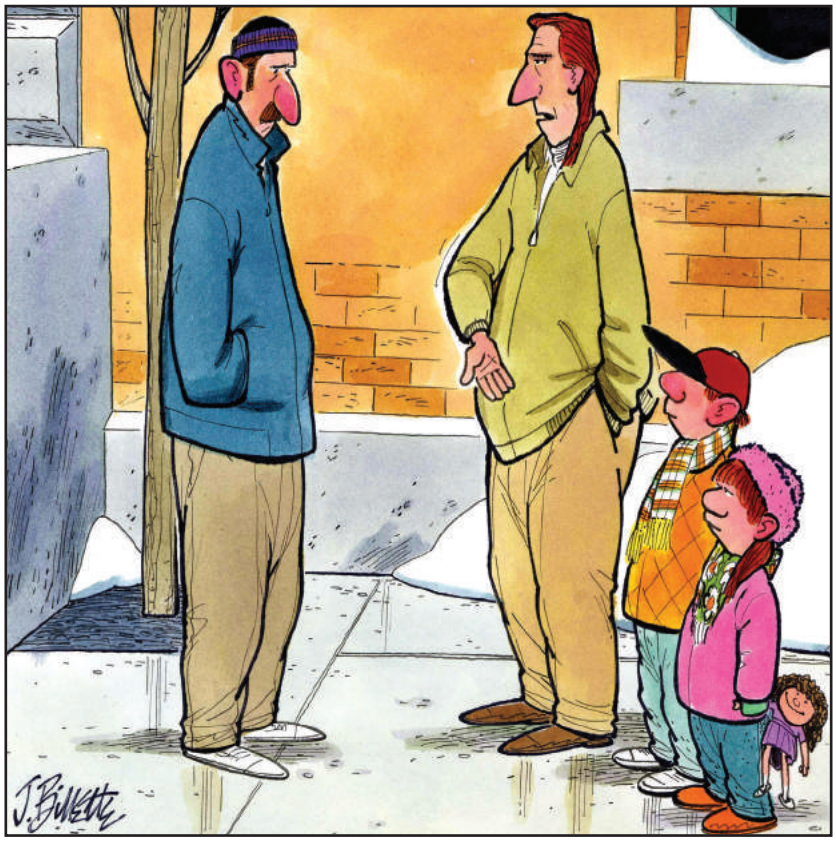

Hey, Carl. You've never met my kids. This is Broken Rubber, and this is Leaky Condom.

KIERA WINTERS

The September '12 issue goes on sale June 12, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

DITA VON TEESE: G-STRING SUPERSTAR

The undisputed queen of modern burlesque recently dropped by HUSTLER headquarters to chat with her hero Larry Flynt. Don't miss Dita Von Teese as she eloquently sheds light on everything from her initial exposure to vintage lingerie to performing as a Bettie Page lookalike and marrying rocker Marilyn Manson.

KEVIN SMITH Q&A: "SILENT BOB" SPEAKS

Back when he was, in his own words, "young and dumb and full of cum, piss and vinegar," Kevin Smith became a Hollywood sensation. The New Jersey native was the brains behind *Clerks*, *Mallrats*, *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* as well as *Zack and Miri Make a Porno* and the horror flick *Red State*. Smith will soon be calling it quits as a filmmaker but not before telling Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt about his HUSTLER habit and what's making his creative juices flow with renewed vigor.

NOTES FROM A MIAMI DOMINATRIX

Overwhelmed by boredom, New York City denizen Lera Gavin hopped on a bus bound for South Florida. After visits with all sorts of prospective employers—a/k/a scammers—in Miami, "penniless" Lera found her dream job. "I am a pervert to some and a goddess to others," says the born-in-Uzbekistan dominatrix, who really cracks the whip in her compelling chronicle.

THE CREEPY CREATIONS OF DAIKICHI AMANO

Straddling the line between art and pornography, Daikichi Amano is a far cry from Michelangelo or Vincent van Gogh, but his photos are truly captivating. So are Amano's models. The intrepid gals have all sorts of repulsive creatures—such as squids, eels and frogs—wiggling around in their bodily crevices. See for yourself why Amano touts himself as the "perverted master of fish and girls."

PREPARE TO LIVE DIFFERENTLY!

Energy expert Richard Heinberg warns that, without a top-to-bottom "reorganization of our economy and patterns of consumption," the inevitable social, financial and political chaos will be "worse and longer lasting" than it was during the Great Depression. As Heinberg tells interviewer Mark Johnson, we are now paying the price for an overreliance on cheap energy and easily obtainable credit. It's time to redefine the good life.